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THE NEW
STATESMAN
AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XXVIII. No. 711. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1944 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

Comments . . . . Page 229
Germany 231
The Russian View of the War . . . 232
Indian Unity 232
A London Diary. By Critic 233
War Office Baby. By Sagittarius . . . 233
Austria and Vienna. By G. E. R. Gedye . 234
Autumn is Here. By A. L. Rowse . . 234
"Hereof Fail Not." By C. H. Rolph . . 235
The Refugees . . . . Page 235
This England 236
Plays and Pictures 236
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 236
Correspondence 236
From Capt. L. D. Gammans, M.P.; M. Bajorinas; M. Ginsburgas; Augustus Muir; S. J. Papastavrou; Charles Esam-Carter; Grace K. Sorrell; and others.
Books in General. By Noel Annan . . Page 239

Reviews :

The Musician's Shelf. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 240
The Two Nations. By Aylmer Vallance . 240
Paideia. By C. E. M. Joad 241
The U.S.S.R. in Retrospect. By Norman MacKenzie 241
Shorter Notices 242
Week-end Competition 243

THE FOURTH REPUBLIC

We are glad to learn that there is now a good chance of more British newspaper correspondents, other than those accredited specifically to Allied Forces, being allowed to proceed to liberated countries. It is not the function, nor is it usually within the competence, of war correspondents to assess political and economic trends; their mission is to report military operations, not the social and administrative problems which liberation brings in its train. For lack of adequate "political" reporting our knowledge of developments in liberated Italy is lamentably deficient; and Mr. Vernon Bartlett proved in Parliament last week how urgent is the need for more experienced correspondents in Paris. The same is true of Brussels. At a moment when opinion in France and Belgium is beginning to crystallise, and when vital decisions are already being framed, it is of the utmost importance that the British public should be fully and accurately informed of what is being thought, said and done. Equally essential is it to restore better means of communication for French and Belgian correspondents' despatches from London. At present the French Press has to rely largely on the B.B.C. for knowledge of developments in Britain. If misunderstandings are not to arise, ampler interchange of less official news and views is vital.

In and out of France, for instance, news is no more than a thin trickle. No English or American newspapers are to be bought on the kiosks. This absurdity must soon be ended; we know that the demand for foreign news is probably greater than at any time in French history. In England we have had so far to rely for news on the comments of hurried visitors returning from Paris. The picture that we reconstruct from these reports is complex. Economically, though it is true that a few collaborators and rich people have done well during the occupation, the mass of Parisians are badly underfed. It is a false notion that, because the French dressmaking industry has prospered, the same is true of other industries. In fact, according to official records, based on medical examinations by doctors at Paris hospitals, 80 per cent. of children examined show the early signs of tuberculosis. We are informed, too, that many babies have the appalling physique that results from a total absence of milk and a diet of boiled water and mashed potatoes. How far such conditions are spread over France we do not know, nor indeed does the Paris Government itself know. Telephones and railways have been so efficiently put out of action in the Allied offensive that (apart from military aircraft) the many Frenchmen who travel from one part of the country to another have to do so by cycle or by hitch-hiking. In some parts of the country the effective control is still wholly in the hands of the F.F.I., who are, in fact, still fighting pockets of Germans and administering the countryside. It is too soon to talk in definite terms of differences between the F.F.I. and the de Gaulle Government. On the question of the entry of F.F.I. cadres into the army we suspect that a compromise is likely to be reached; while, on the issue of nationalisation of industry, the Socialists, who have the most clear-cut plans, may well win. Every day more big business collaborators are arrested. Moreover, reports of serious disunity have to be set against the fact that the "National Front" still exists in very striking ways—a Communist poet, like Aragon, pays tribute to the heroism of Catholic priests who have aided resistance; Communists, Socialists and Catholics together sign declarations of policy. The picture is one of a country in process of social revolution. How far the revolution will go and whether its problems will be settled amicably it is as yet too soon to say.

By taking over the coal mines and the Renault works, de Gaulle appears to move in a Socialist direction. The resistance groups and the old parties of the Left are pledged to remove the control of key industries from the hands of "monopolists"; but some elements, notably in the Catholic resistance, are thinking in terms of public or semi-public corporations for control of the key industries, rather than of nationalisation outright. This may not be a bad solution; but the words "public corporation," as we have cause to know in this country, can bear many different meanings—from real public ownership and control under an administration left autonomous in day-by-day management to a means of endowing private capitalist interests with the authority of the State. The public corporation is simply a mechanism: what is done with it depends on who gets hold of it, and that in turn depends on the real distribution of political power. Clearly, what is of vital importance in France to-day is that all the forces of the Left shall act together with the minimum of bickering and in such a way as to constitute themselves the leaders of the nation both in finishing off the war and in making the peace. From that task they must not be diverted by a sense of national injustice. To delay Allied recognition of the Provisional Government, as Mr. Churchill vaguely suggests, either until elections have been ultimately held, or the Consultative Assembly remodelled on lines acceptable to Whitehall and Washington, would be a cardinal error.

Climax of the Warsaw Tragedy

For the second time in this war, the people of Warsaw have fought without effective aid against the overwhelming power of the German war machine. Little of the city now remains; something like 200,000 of its inhabitants have perished in this last desperate resistance. This time they had good reason to hope for aid, because the guns of the Russian armies could be heard in the city. But they rose too soon; the Russians were driven back after a severe defeat. Final judgment on the bitter quarrel which has arisen over the question of aid to Warsaw must be deferred. Last week it looked as if the long overdue dismissal of Sosnkowski, whose violent anti-Soviet activities have never been hidden, had eased the way for agreement between the London Poles and the Poles in Lublin. But the appointment of General Bor to succeed Sosnkowski has further exasperated the pro-Soviet Poles, who now describe him as responsible for the "criminal rising" in Warsaw, and suggest that he has not himself borne his share of the fighting. That they should find General Bor, who has been the leader of much anti-Soviet guerrilla activity, no tolerable substitute for Sosnkowski, we can well understand. That the rising was mistimed we must all agree. But to describe it as criminal at a time when the dead have not been buried in the streets of Warsaw, and to charge the general in command with shirking, suggests an intransigent attitude of mind which, to put it mildly, will make Mr. Mikolajczyk's task of reconciliation immeasurably greater.

Greek Unity

Apparently the Greek Prime Minister has at last realised that no exiled government can hope to rule in Greece for one day after liberation unless it is supported by the resistance movement. When the E.A.M. agreed to accept portfolios from Mr. Papandreou some weeks back, the situation was very critical. Since then, it has improved to the point where Mr. Papandreou pays tribute to the work of E.A.M. Ministers, denounces the quisling Security Battalions—on whom certain Greek reactionaries were relying as a possible instrument of civil war against the Left—and forecasts a speedy return of his Government to districts already liberated from the Germans. This reconciliation, especially in the military sphere, is welcome, if overdue. E.A.M. partisans, together with smaller units of the other resistance groups, have now cleared the Germans from all except a few large towns and precarious communication routes. At the same time, they have accepted the Cairo nomination of the Right-Wing General Spiliotopoulous as military governor of the Athens area. This new agreement may permit the Cairo Government to face the post-liberation problems in a peaceful and constructive fashion. It is essential that during the transition period, until free elections are once more possible, Greece should not be embarrassed by the threat of civil war, which recently appeared to be imminent. Nevertheless, some of the more reactionary soldiers and court politicians have not been reconciled to Mr. Papandreou's policy, and are still hoping that the King can be smuggled back to Greece before the promised plebiscite. Most of the higher posts in the Greek army are now occupied by men who were associated with the Metaxas dictatorship or who have shown themselves to be violent opponents of the E.A.M. For, after the crisis last April, many of the high ranking officers with republican or progressive leanings were removed from their posts. Unless Mr. Papandreou deals decisively with these reactionary groups, his hopes of a peaceful transition period will be an illusion.

T.U.C. Post-war Plan

Whatever governments may promise in the shape of social reform, Social Security depends finally on production—that is, on employment in the making of useful things. The Trades Union Congress, in the Report on Reconstruction which has just been issued by its General Council, rightly stresses the width of the gap between "full employment" and "high and stable employment," which was proclaimed as the objective in the Government's White Paper on Employment Policy; and the T.U.C. also refuses to accept the Government's view that either "full" or "high and stable" employment ought to depend on the expansion of exports—however important to the standard of living such expansion must be. It would be a bad business, the T.U.C. argues, if we cannot get the exports; but so far from lessening the need for full employment, such a failure would intensify the need. This view, of course, implies a controlled economy, designed to ensure full use of the available resources, whatever international conditions may turn out to be; and the T.U.C. goes on to elaborate a form of control which, at many points, recalls the Nuffield College statement of last year, and embodies much the same safeguards of the consumers' interests. The T.U.C., however, adhering to its pre-war policy, goes on to urge the establishment of a National Industrial Council, "representative of all parties in industry and economic life," without defining at all clearly how such a body is to be worked into the general pattern of a democratically controlled economy responsible to Parliament. This is the most dangerous part of the T.U.C. scheme, which is otherwise a clear statement of the case for the type of semi-Socialist economy adjusted to British evolutionary traditions which has been the theme of Mr. Herbert Morrison's most interesting war-time speeches, and commands a large measure of assent amongst progressives outside the Socialist ranks.

Social Insurance—Part Two

Part Two of the Government's Social Insurance Plan, like Part One, is based definitely on the Beveridge proposals and improves on them in certain respects, while it falls short of them in others. The main thing is that Workmen's Compensation, with its dependence on an appeal to a court of law in each individual case, is to go, and is to be replaced, as Sir William proposed, by Industrial Injury Insurance, financed mainly by contributions from employers and employed. What is to happen to employers' liability at common law, i.e. when an accident is traceable to a fault on the part of the employer or his agent, is still unsettled; a commission under Sir Walter Monckton is to consider this question at once. As far as statutory compensation is concerned, lump sum payments are to be abolished and weekly payments are to take their place. The Government, however, instead of basing these payments on previous earnings or on loss of earning capacity, has decided in favour of flat rates of benefit irrespective of wage or salary rates. This is hard on those in the higher ranges of income, and may be meant to leave scope for voluntary insurance above the prescribed rates. The Government has also rejected the Beveridge proposal for a higher levy on industries with exceptionally bad accident records, such as mining, and has thus removed the only incentive left under the Beveridge Plan to take better steps to prevent accidents. The rates of benefit payable for the first thirteen weeks are a substantial advance on the Beveridge proposals; but past cases—i.e. men already in receipt of compensation payments—are to be left under the old law, except that they will be able to claim a special supplement when they are wholly unemployable. In general, the verdict on the Government's Part Two must be much the same as that on Part One. Part Two is better than most people expected it to be, and is a great advance in that it does sweep away the whole bad system of settling compensation by legal process and of allowing lump sum payments. But, as in Part One, there is a refusal to adjust benefits in any way to changes in the cost of living—an omission which will probably before long upset the entire financial basis of the scheme and lead to large-scale legislative revision. One thing the Government emphatically has not done is to take Social Insurance out of party politics.

The Struggle Ahead

As for the Government scheme as a whole, it is obviously clear round what issues the coming struggle will centre. The insurance companies, collecting societies, and friendly societies are already organising their forces to do battle for the retention of the approved societies—at all events for the right of bodies which have hitherto conducted approved societies to be allowed to act as agents for the administration of the new scheme. Sir William Beveridge mildly favoured this in the case of the real friendly societies and the trade unions, but not of the insurance companies or collecting societies, which lack all real democratic qualities. Sir William proposed that the State should take over, not merely the basic funeral benefit, but all industrial insurance; but this the Government still refuses to do. The insurance companies, which will find much of their profitable business gone under this middle course, will probably make a fight to get State funeral insurance dropped altogether, whereas the forces of the Left, we hope, will press hard for taking the entire business of "collecting" insurance into public hands. On the rest of the scheme, there will be strong pressure to get children's allowances raised to a more adequate sum, and to provide for varying benefit rates in accordance with major changes in the cost of living. The Labour Party will presumably make an attempt to get the means test struck out, by reinstating the unlimited character of unemployment benefit proposed in the Beveridge Report. It is to be hoped that the Social Security League, while giving general support to the Government's plan, will devote itself to organising the public demand for these improvements and to countering the campaign which is to be expected from the vested interests ranged against the plan.

Calling the Tune

Occasionally British capitalists let us know what they mean by "control"; it is not that the State should exercise control in the public interest, but that Big Business should make use of a State controlled by industrialists in the interest of private profit. A remarkable instance of such candour is the policy statement issued this week by the shipowners' General Council. Peace, they say, will find the British shipping industry saddled with many vessels built for war purposes and economically inefficient for many trades. Further, there will be plenty of tonnage in the world and thus freights and passage rates may be reduced by competition, domestic or international, to unprofitable levels. State intervention is therefore involved: the tax-payer must provide a fund to buy up and "sterilise" uneconomic or redundant tonnage; the Government must "ensure compliance" with rates fixed on cartel lines in each branch of the trade. Indeed, it is actually proposed that international rigging of rates should form part of the Peace Settlement. But are shipping services to be subject to regulation or profits to be limited? The Council has nothing of this sort in mind: this is not the function of the State as conceived by Big Business. "Private enterprise" is to be the basis for the post-war organisation of British shipping—private enterprise operating behind the shelter of rates so "controlled" as to provide maximum exploitation of the consumer. The U-boats drowned the wrong men.

PARLIAMENT: Planning Bottleneck

Wednesday, noon.

MEMBERS were loquacious and argumentative on the Committee stage of the Town and Country Planning Bill. So, after one long-drawn-out day of it, Eden warned them that they might even—*horribile dictu!*—have to sit next Monday, though not, of course, till the afternoon. This was rightly described as "intimidation," and it was expected that even the obstructors, who like to plan their week-ends, at any rate, as spaciously as possible, would get a move on. Shinwell insinuated a stinging I-told-you-so: he had said that the recess would be too long, and now the Government had got business in a mess.

The planning debate also produced the first division since the recess: 179 for the Government, 87 (including most of the available Labour men and Liberals) against. The atmosphere of the division was singularly unexcited. There were none of the usual ironical cheers and cries of "Resign!" It seemed perfectly natural now that two of the parties in the coalition should be voting against it. The vote was on an amendment, moved by Silkin, designed to enable local authorities to redevelop comprehensively—regardless of the reason for the need—not merely piecemeal. Sir Percy Harris (another London Member) said that the amendment was "not very alarming" but "most vital." None the less, Tories like Colonel Dower thought it a pity that people should be "unnecessarily disturbed" by planners who "try to reach for the moon." Hugh Molson made a more substantial defence of the Bill. W. S. Morrison resisted the amendment.

There was a heated little argument when he accepted another amendment in principle—an amendment by Commander Bower requiring local authorities to advertise locally in advance their intention of applying to the Minister to make certain properties subject to compulsory purchase. This seemed, to some Tories as well as to Socialists, a purely delaying project, impracticable and unnecessary. Quintin Hogg made a cogent and well-balanced speech against it. He seems, during the recess, to have cured himself of some of the mannerisms and ill temper which had been hindering his progress.

On Friday last, on the adjournment, Sir Waldron Smithers, an elderly die-hard, made a frontal attack on the extravagance of the proposed expenditure on social security. To the dismay of Members in most parts of the House, Ralph Assheton, of the Treasury, instead of rebutting this archaic nonsense vigorously, thanked the ancient for what he had said and echoed his warning about financial difficulties—a strange attitude in a Government spokesman just after the publication of the Government's "Beveridge" plan. Another piece of reactionary time-wasting was a prayer on Tuesday by Mr. Gledhill, of Halifax, against an order concerning girls' utility blazers. It soon became evident that those who supported the prayer had not understood at all what the order meant, and that they could have ascertained that it was completely innocuous either by private enquiry or by a simple question. The electors of Halifax should note that their Member expressed himself against the Government's policy of fixing maximum prices for goods in short supply: in other words, let manufacturers charge what they like, let those who can afford to pay most get the goods.

At question-time the Prime Minister indulged in schoolboy rudeness at the expense of J. B. Priestley. Bracken, in an excellent series of answers to some Tories who had objected to the recent Co-op. centenary broadcast, reminded them that there had been similar radio tributes to the Bank of England and the G.W.R., and advised them to acquire a sense of perspective.

PONTIFEX MINOR

GERMANY

QUEBEC did not settle the future of Germany in Europe. Mr. Churchill was careful to explain to the House of Commons that the "great decisions" of the Allies could not be settled "amid the clash of arms." Or, for that matter, without the consultation with Stalin which is promised in the future. Yet in the unreported discussions at Quebec understandings may have been reached which in effect commit the British public to courses which it knows nothing of, or might not approve, if it did. It now seems clear that, beyond the necessarily secret decisions about military operations, some agreement was made about the future of Germany, and that the so-called "Morgenthau plan," which was allowed to leak after the Conference, was no mere kite, but the disclosure of the mind of the President, and that it was accepted by the Premier, whose former statements on Germany showed, if not proof of constructive statesmanship, at least freedom from the grosser forms of war neurosis. We recall in particular that, after signing the Atlantic Charter, Mr. Churchill wisely broadcast to the British people that it was the intention of the Allies this time completely and effectively to disarm Germany, but not to impoverish her population, with the result of impoverishing ourselves and Europe as a whole.

That this plan will be the basis of the Peace Settlement we do not believe. It would not be regarded as workable by any authority—military or civilian—responsible for its administration; and some at least of Mr. Churchill's Cabinet colleagues would reject it on principle. We recall that not long ago Mr. Eden repeated his assurance that we should not create an "economic sore" in the midst of Europe. Throughout this war British propaganda to Germany, lacking clearer guidance on policy, has relied on such speeches of the Premier and Foreign Secretary, and declared that, though we should be ruthless in ending Nazidom, we were determined to offer the chance of a peaceful and tolerable existence to the ordinary German citizen after victory. Indeed the B.B.C. has daily contradicted the assertions of Dr. Goebbels that the Allies, while talking about the disarmament of Germany and the punishment of war criminals, really plotted the destruction of the Reich, the starvation of Germans and the impoverishment of Europe. If the Morgenthau plan, or anything like it, is accepted as Allied policy, Dr. Goebbels has told the truth and the Democracies have been the liars?

No serious voice is raised in defence of the Morgenthau plan. Mr. Stimson and Mr. Hull are said to be strongly opposed to it, and in this country the powerful voices of the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* are equally unsparing in their condemnation. The United States press has been generally hostile; and the one serious argument which we have seen advanced in American newspaper comment in defence of the plan is that, if German heavy industry is not destroyed, that will be because reactionaries in Britain and the U.S.A. wish to keep a strong Germany as a buffer against the U.S.S.R. There is substance in this argument, but the danger of conflict between Russia and the West would be worse if the Peace Settlement were one which, in a few years' time, outraged the conscience and conflicted with the interests of Americans.

To state the terms of the Morgenthau plan is to expose its origin in the heated atmosphere of electoral preparation. It is suggested that Germany shall first be truncated by the cession to her Western neighbours of territory up to the Rhine and in the East of all the German lands that lie beyond the river Oder. As for the Ruhr and Rhineland—the real crux of the problem—Mr. Morgenthau wants to seal up the Ruhr coalfield which is an integral and essential part not only of the economy of the German Rhineland, but also of the whole industrial area of Belgium, Lorraine and Luxembourg. Into the greatly truncated Germany, which will have lost its mineral resources and which is not to be allowed any factories or workshops of importance, some seven or nine millions of Germans are to be transported from the detached areas, while, by way of compensation, an equal or greater number of Germans are to be drafted to Russia and elsewhere to rebuild the ruins German armies have created. Finally, lest this pasturalised remnant of Germany should still be a menace to her neighbours, it is to be divided into two more States, a north and a south Germany, which are presumably to be kept permanently apart by an Allied occupying force.

We do not propose to list all the objections to these romantic proposals. They fail in every test of commonsense. That they should come from America which is least likely to maintain an army to enforce them is significant and unsavoury. Such proposals are part of a scheme of punishment; and though the punishment of war criminals is necessary, you cannot in fact found peace or create policy on the idea of punishment. Quite soon the division of Germany would prove impossible, because neither in this country nor in America would the will exist to maintain a large army to enforce it. If Mr. Morgenthau or Mr. Roosevelt doubts this, let them ask themselves whether an American Administration in ten years' time will be willing to keep a large army in central Europe and what sort of life such an army will live. By comparison they can consider the position of a German army which attempted to police the Mason-Dixon line after an American defeat by Germany. If the imagination of the authors of this plan does not reach so far as that, they might ask themselves the simpler question, based on the actual experience of the years after the last war. Do they imagine that within a few years after the war America and British business will not again wish to trade with Germany? If Germans are not to build motor-cars, will Mr. Ford be content that they should have none? With what are the Germans of the future to buy any of the innumerable articles which they will not be allowed to make for themselves? We prophesy with confidence that within a single Presidential period America would be flooded with an irresistible flood of propaganda, combining, in nicely conceived proportions, sob stuff about the Germans whom Allied policy was starving, gruesome warnings about the growing influence of the Soviet Union in Germany, and realistic business projects by which America might grow fat through rebuilding and (incidentally) rearming Germany.

If the settlement is not one that will stand on grounds of justice or on economics, then it will fall to the ground, and in the collapse, the essential—the disarmament of Germany—will infallibly slip through our fingers. Since no democratic or indeed moderate government could run Germany in such circumstances, the Nazis' underground movement would flourish; Germany would become the centre of intrigue; unity between Russia and the West, which is the one essential for peace, would speedily disappear and the beneficiaries would be the Nazis whose prophecies would be exactly fulfilled. Young Germans living in a half-starved country, with only memories and legends to feed on, would think of Hitler as the demigod who made Germany great, and live only for the day when Allied quarrels would again be a new Hitler's opportunity.

The German settlement presents two major problems. The first is what to do with the substantial number of young Germans who have been deliberately misdirected and poisoned by Nazi training. This is a staggering problem which is not touched by the Morgenthau (or Roosevelt) plan. The second problem is how to combine with the Soviet Union, France and other European States in the reconstruction of a Europe which makes use of its resources for the happiness of its people, is not torn by periodic wars and which embodies a disarmed Germany within its integrated life. This should not be insoluble. The central fact that was forgotten at Versailles and which we shall forget again at our peril this time, is that dictatorships and wars will recur, unless we can get rid of the anarchy of sovereign States arming against each other and striving by economic barriers to starve each other. The military collapse of Germany will give us an immense opportunity and responsibility. The key to success lies in maintaining agreement with the Soviet Union about the use of the primary resources of the Continent. And here we shall have the immense advantage of having in Allied hands the greatest centres of armament power—especially the Silesian and Rhineland areas. Instead of talking about sealing up the mines and closing down the factories (thereby creating a completely insoluble and anarchic unemployment problem) the Allies should jointly take over the direction of these priceless assets, misused by the Germans for war, and direct them to the needs of European reconstruction. By so doing they would make German rearmament impossible. International agencies, with the natural resources of German minerals and factories at their disposal, could begin the exciting task of aiding all the devastated countries of Europe to rebuild. They could start by reconstructing the railways and communications of Europe, build new power stations and develop communal life that cuts across frontiers, create an international Continental air service and allot raw materials so that the standard of living in Europe would begin to rise. That done the Hitler myth would die. Within that framework the problem of Germany is soluble, for Germans, deprived of the potential of aggressive nationalism, would have no option but to accept as their destiny a share—no more—in an integrated Europe.

THE RUSSIAN VIEW OF THE WAR

[By Cable from our Moscow Correspondent]

The war is very far away from Moscow now. In the Red Square they are putting up some kind of scaffolding around the Mausoleum of Lenin, and nobody quite knows what it is for, but there is a popular belief that this year's celebrations on November 7th are going to be something quite out of the ordinary. It is not generally believed that the war will be over by November 7th, but it is probable that the liberation of the whole of Soviet territory will be celebrated on that date, the twenty-seventh anniversary of the October Revolution. This liberation is again proceeding rapidly, and the remnants of the twenty-five German divisions in the Baltic Republics are now being swiftly mopped up. When Riga falls it will mean the end of Hitler's Baltic adventure. The bulk of the Russian forces now tied up in the Baltic fronts, and also against Finland, will then be able to concentrate on what is expected to be a great autumn offensive into Germany. There is no doubt that the German stand in the Baltic has justified itself to some extent, and it may have delayed the capture of Warsaw. But this is a matter of speculation. The war has reached the stage where military operations and politics become singularly intermingled, and, looking back, one realises that on balance the Russians have gained enormously. The Germans were just in time to keep Warsaw, but this success has cost them indirectly the loss of three allies—Rumania, Bulgaria and Finland.

One peculiarity marks the present period—no doubt precisely because politics and warfare are now so closely connected with each other—and that is the considerable reticence of the Russian press and radio on a number of questions. The Russians continue to adhere to the view that the Warsaw rising was the worst folly, and that it played into German hands, and brought ruin on Poland's capital. Probably not until Warsaw is taken will it be possible to establish all the rights and wrongs in that deeply painful episode. One thing that should be remembered is that during the first week of August the Russians did lend direct support to the Warsaw insurgents. Later this support ceased. One reason at least for this was because the Russians were by then fighting a desperately hard battle themselves, in which they were in real danger of being thrown far back to the East by those Panzer divisions which the Germans rushed to Praga.

Just at the time when Russians were losing perhaps thousands of men daily, inspired statements from Polish sources abroad were made to the effect that the Red Army had deliberately stopped outside Warsaw, to allow the Warsaw insurgents to be crushed. The man behind these statements was Kot, who, when Ambassador at Kuibyshev, boasted of having the best Intelligence Service in Russia, and who insisted on Ander's Army leaving Russia. He later caused all the trouble over the Katyn Forest. Kot's propaganda has caused terrible resentment here. Moreover, according to Soviet information, further aid to Warsaw became impossible.

Russia wishes to see the establishment of a regular provisional Polish Government, which would be acceptable to the great majority of the Polish people. Yet in liberated parts of Poland one still observes a deplorable lack of mental certainty amongst the Polish population, a large part of whom do not quite know how they stand in relation to anything, and whose minds are confused by five years of German propaganda and by the existence of "two Governments" who still have not come to any kind of agreement. There is more than unrest; according to the Polish Press Agency there have been murders and assassinations among the Poles themselves.

The general pattern of Russian policy in the Balkans is already clear. The aim is to establish lasting security agreements with Rumania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia, just as they already exist with Czechoslovakia, and as it is hoped they will ultimately also be established with Poland. But the psychological approach to all these countries differs. Rumania was let off very lightly and Bulgaria will probably be let off lightly too. This is because, unlike Finland, they turned sharply against Germany; indeed, future relations will largely be determined by the extent of their actual military contribution to victory. But even today one observes the difference in the mental attitude of the U.S.S.R. towards Rumanians and Bulgarians. Rumania was after all a very active enemy. Bulgaria was only a passive enemy. Further, Russians who have come back from Bulgaria have described to me the tremendous enthusiasm with which the Bulgarian people welcomed the Red Army, adding that the atmosphere was not as good in Rumania. In the case of Bulgaria it is felt that there is a basis of an almost common language, and old historic bonds on which much can be built. Close relations with Rumania, on the other hand, will be a matter of political expediency rather than a natural affinity, and although relations with Rumania appeared to be extraordinarily cordial (all things considered) at the time of the Armistice talks, two long articles in *Pravda* by a well-known writer, Leonid Sobolev, were clearly intended to pour cold water on any tendency either to sentimentalise about the Rumanians as innocent victims of German villainy, or as serious allies of to-morrow. If they are to be that, they have still to prove it.

In Sobolev's two articles on Bucharest Rumania is depicted as an essentially disgusting country, where fat profiteers "looking exactly like the *bourgeois* of our old posters" have already started bothering the Red Army authorities with requests for Army contracts, where Bucharest has lived on the fat of the land throughout the war, and where an extraordinary number of civilians have managed through bribery to evade military service (which is not the case in the wretched Rumanian villages, which are denuded both of goods and men). Sobolev denounces Bucharest, with its cafés and shops and its display of wealth, as a hotbed of purely selfish profiteering, opportunism and dishonesty, and when he watches all this easy going life and thinks of Odessa, Kiev, Sebastopol and Leningrad, it makes him furious. Sobolev refuses to be impressed by Bucharest's superficial prosperity and its well stocked shops. They may have all that but their country is rotten and they have lost the war. "Our Soviet austerity and civic virtues have saved us." That seems the moral of these articles. "Our fellows don't care for all these abroads," one Russian soldier wrote from Rumania to *Komsomolskaya Pravda* recently.

This attitude of not being impressed by the outward tinsel of a capitalistic city like Bucharest is being fully encouraged: "it may look all right but it is unsound. There are only four schools among eighty thousand people of Constanza," says Sobolev. With the Red Army moving farther and farther westwards you will have a number of curious new psychological problems, the real answer to which is "Moscow will have shops as good as Bucharest when the time comes. Meantime we have had to win a war." Altogether I believe that anyone who thinks that Red Army contacts with the capitalist world will lower Russians' belief in the fundamental rightness of the Soviet system makes a very big mistake. The Red Army man may like the Bucharest shops, but he will have an instinctive distaste for the shopkeeper—that is for the system—especially when it is as crude as in Rumania.

INDIAN UNITY

The breakdown of the talks between Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Jinnah is a grave event, because it destroys the hope of any early understanding between Congress and the Muslim League. The two leaders never came in sight of an agreement over Pakistan. Whether they even tried to discuss the formation of a National Government in any detail we do not know. That Mr. Gandhi evidently wished for an alliance we do not doubt, but he has always understood that his life work of liberation cannot be completed without Muslim support. To win over Mr. Jinnah's League he was prepared to make heavy sacrifices; indeed, he had already brought down on his own head the anger of a large part of Hindu India. Sikhs and Bengalis picketed his house, while the more sober spokesmen of Hindu opinion, among them the Liberals and some of the more enlightened princes, expressed their disapproval by more commonplace methods. Mr. Gandhi conceded the right to separation of regions which have a Muslim majority, and asked only for evidence by way of plebescite that the inhabitants desire this solution.

Mr. Jinnah met this very conciliatory advance with a rigid adherence to his extremist demands. To begin with, he requires that Mr. Gandhi and Congress shall declare that Muslims constitute a separate nation—an impossible thing to ask of men who have spent their lives in the service of Indian nationalism. Then he claims the entire provinces of Assam, Bengal, the Punjab, Sind and the N.W. Frontier. Assam, be it noted, is by a majority Hindu; while Bengal has a narrow Muslim majority, its western and agricultural half, which contains all its industries, is predominantly Hindu. Finally, Mr. Jinnah, who disliked the idea of a plebiscite, stuck to his old claim: that if there is a plebiscite only Muslims shall vote. We need waste no arguments on these impossible conditions. It is unreasonable to ask for the whole of Assam and Bengal, nor can the Sikh country be fairly included in Pakistan. To exclude Hindus from the plebiscite would be to deny their citizen rights in the new Muslim State from its foundation.

It is not easy to frame a charitable explanation for these tactics. Mr. Jinnah cannot have supposed that a settlement was conceivable on these terms. He could have had Pakistan by consent, on the assumption that the people of these regions want it. But he may realise that they do not. We find ourselves doubting, not for the first time, whether Mr. Jinnah himself wants it, or believes in its possibility. The only aim he has achieved in recent years is to widen the chasm between Muslims and Hindus. We see no evidence that he has any more constructive purpose. With things as they are in India he may be fairly well content, for with the veto he wields, as the head of a favoured minority, he possesses immense power. Nothing can happen in India without his consent.

We think Mr. Gandhi did right to offer to concede Pakistan on reasonable terms. The Muslim provinces cannot be brought into an All-Indian Federation against their will. But we have always regarded it as a thoroughly vicious solution. The Muslims of Bengal and the North-West stood in no need of further security; they governed these provinces. But Pakistan could do nothing for the Muslim minorities scattered over the Hindu provinces: it is their future that presents a problem. Further, we doubt whether the North-West region, which has no heavy industries and includes two provinces with a steady financial deficit, could bear the cost of frontier defence or hope to achieve economic self-sufficiency. The failure of these talks is not to be regretted if it sets Indian leaders searching for a solution of the Hindu-Muslim problem on more constructive lines. To break the political and economic unity of India would be to throw away the clearest gain British conquest conferred.

A LONDON DIARY

The administration of occupied Germany during its initial phase must necessarily be "tough," if only because the eradication of Nazi elements will be difficult—very difficult indeed if the "underground" activities of an S.S. and S.A. are as dangerous as I expect them to be. But how is "toughness" to be interpreted in practice? To judge by his Proclamation No. 1 to the German people, and by his orders forbidding fraternisation, General Eisenhower is going to present his subordinate commanders and staffs with some knotty problems. In the matter of personal relations between his troops and German civilians the Supreme Commander is receiving some unsought co-operation from Dr. Goebbels, who warns his countrymen to spurn "propaganda chocolate" offered by Allied hands; and, though one must remember that a very considerable proportion of the U.S. soldiers marching on the Rhine have got relatives in Germany, it may be possible to check social intercourse. What motives lie behind this ban? Provided that the army is really "liquidating" the Nazi party, S.S. and S.A., the Allies need not fear that courtesy to the ordinary German civilian will be mistaken by Germans for weakness, or that the Allied troops' attitude will be misinterpreted in Moscow. I can only suppose that the authorities are apprehensive of the effects of German propaganda on British and American soldiers. (The conquerors apparently are supposed to be incapable of doing useful propaganda on their own part.) Justified or not, the policy will be almost impossible to enforce rigidly for any length of time. An army of occupation is bound in the end to "mix" to some extent with the population—in hotels, cinemas and tramcars. I don't see how absolute segregation of garrison troops could be achieved. Nor do I see the "Conquerors" remaining perpetually without the solace of women. Does General Eisenhower propose to introduce strictly non-German *vivandières* into occupied territory?

* * *

Larger questions are raised by Proclamation No. 1. Nazi rule is to be overthrown; law courts, schools and universities are to be closed. "Officials, employees and workers of all public undertakings and utilities and . . . persons engaged in essential work" are to remain at their posts, but who is to direct their work? The elimination of Nazi Party members which is implied in the "overthrow" of Nazi rule means that the key personnel—in fact, all the chief executives—in the German civil service, Reich and municipal, to say nothing of transport, food distribution and so forth, must be displaced. In short, a complete administrative vacuum will be created. Filled it must be with something. If chaos and famine are not to engulf Germany, to the acute embarrassment of the occupying forces, there must be some direction of Germany's economic life, agricultural and industrial. I cannot see that direction being given by Allied soldiers; they would have neither inclination nor competence to run, say, food rationing or unemployment relief; nor would they be able to supervise industrial enterprises, whose output "underground" Nazi fanatics will certainly try to sabotage. The alternative is to have a non-Nazi German "authority." To find such an authority, which will willingly be accepted by a substantial proportion of Germans and which can work under Allied supervision, is the chief political task of the occupation. How is it to be selected? In their zone of occupation the Russians may conceivably install, as a temporary measure, the Free German Committee headed by General Seydlitz. But neither the British nor the Americans have any such provisional German authority in cold storage; and, if performance in Italy can be regarded as a precedent, the military command will probably be enjoined not to support or encourage any political party in Germany. The more one considers the outlook, the more one is left with the uncomfortable feeling that not even the immediate problems of military occupation have been thought out.

* * *

That there is always a heroic resistance movement in Germany constantly ferreted out by Himmler, is proved by regular announcements in the Nazi press. The latest, I notice, is the case of seven German workers who have been executed as ringleaders of illegal anti-Nazi cells. One group worked in Berlin under the leadership of Friedrich Lüben, who invited two foreign workers as liaison men to his house. There they listened to "London broadcasts," and the two foreign workers "passed on the subversive propaganda reports to their fellow countrymen in order to influence them in favour of Bolshevism." Lüben, together with Albert Brust and Heinrich Haase of Berlin, conducted an underground propaganda campaign and, in the words of the Nazi announcement, "spread the enemy's mendacious reports." Four Bielefeld workers, Giesselmann, Brockmann, Sauer and Milse, had organised an underground cell, and were also executed at the end of September. Of their activities it is stated that they had been listening to enemy propaganda for many years, had exchanged news, used them as a basis for subversive discussions, and spread them among their fellow workers. From these announcements it appears that a much larger number of illegal workers, both German and foreign, have again been caught by the Gestapo, since only the ringleaders' names have been published. This is borne out by a statement of Himmler who gave a year ago the number of political prisoners as 40,000, with another 70,000 "anti-social" persons kept in "precautionary confinement." We have Allies inside Germany.

* * *

After lunch the other day an American visitor newly landed in this country put to a group of friends the blunt question: What are the prospects of the Labour Party in the election that cannot lie very far ahead of us? There was no need to tell him that in the hour of victory Mr. Churchill's personality and achievement will be an immense asset to the Tories. My answer was to point out to him that the hands of the Labour leaders will be tied as much by their successes as by their failures. They share the responsibility for the entire record of these five years. It will be their case when they face the Party's Conference in December that their steady pressure has got from the Government a series of social measures that are, broadly speaking, satisfactory. Thanks to them the *ersatz* Beveridge Plan is a quite plausible substitute. They may even make something out of the Town Planning Bill. How, after such claims, could they fight the election on the minor details they failed to secure? The Tories have managed their electoral strategy cleverly. They can produce a programme which Labour has endorsed. Whether when they have won the election, they will carry it out as it stands, is another question altogether. "And what," our guest asked, "would you do, if you had to work out a strategy for Labour?" One of us had his answer ready. "A brilliant leader would know how to lift the contest on to another level altogether. He would concentrate perhaps on the nationalisation of land. That would make a direct appeal to the homeless elector: 'You won't get your home, let alone your garden, until we can save the land from the speculators and plan it as our national estate.' Lloyd George, if he were still in the field, would know how to force that issue." That drew from our guest the most embarrassing of his questions: "And have you a leader big enough to do that?" Have we?

* * *

Chapter two of a story which throws an odd light on one facet of contemporary England. Some weeks ago I recounted how an Army officer's wife, living temporarily with her small children in Northumberland, gave house-room to a bombed-out family from Wimbledon, evacuated and duly billeted on her; and how she was promptly given by her landlord a month's notice to quit. Thus taught not to play Good Samaritan in 1944, she sought and found other accommodation for herself and her babies; then, having no further means of housing the evacuees, she notified the local billeting officer of the position and asked him to take necessary action. He took the easiest course—no action, or rather, he wrote back, saying that he had the Ministry of Health's authority for saying that her responsibility for the evacuees ceased from the day she quitted the house; but, presumably, because he had been given no *compulsory* billeting powers and did not like to turn the evacuees into the street, he let the billeted family remain where they were. They, no doubt, were grateful to the Ministry of Health. But the young woman who had agreed to take them in is now threatened by the landlord with legal proceedings to recover from her full rent for the house indefinitely, so long as the evacuees are in it: possession, says he, has not been fully restored to him. Suppose he succeeded in his suit, the unfortunate officer's wife could probably get no restitution from the Ministry of Health except by way of Petition of Right—a process costing thousands!—against the Crown. I suggest that Mr. Willink, who can have full particulars if he wants them, should lose no time in tidying-up an episode which does no credit to his evacuation scheme and might give our soldiers a distorted view of the society for which they are fighting.

* * *

Extract from a letter from a soldier in Burma: "Some of the fellows were detailed to go and listen to a speech from Lord Louis. They were told, 'He doesn't like anything formal, so for half-an-hour you will have to practise walking about informally'."

Critic

WAR OFFICE BABY

(After George Macdonald)

A Middle East general order has announced that married Service men could obtain compassionate leave to start a family.—News Item.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the Middle East into here.

How did you fly through the pearly gate?
My Mum had a doctor's certificate.

Why did you not come here before, sweet tot?
I don't quite know, but I guess a lot.

Where did you get those wondering eyes?
My Dad's return was a great surprise.

And where did you get that expression naïve?
It's something to do with compassionate leave.

Whence comes, baby darling, that smile of bliss?
The colonel blew me a birthday kiss.

And why did they want you, pretty pet?
The War Office hasn't informed me yet.

And how did you get here, little lad?
The Army said it was up to Dad.

Whence came dimpled fingers and toes, sweetheart?
The Army said Dad must make a start.

What makes you so rosy from feet to head?
That's what King's Regulations said.

Whence that gold hair like an angel's harp?
H.Q. said Mummy had best look sharp.

How did all this come to be you, sweet lamb?
My Daddy was posted and here I am.

Where does the War Office come in, my dear?
Grigg thought about babies, so I am here.

Sagittarius

AUSTRIA AND VIENNA

[Mr. Gedye was for many years one of the best foreign correspondents, and the author of the famous book Fallen Bastions, *which dealt with the eclipse of Austrian democracy. Until 1938, he was a frequent contributor to this journal. He sends us this article from Istanbul.]*

Is an independent Austria a practical proposition? That the Austria of 1919-38 was not a going concern nobody would deny. But that she was never a going concern is a proposition with which many thinking Austrians would disagree. I would rather put it that after a bad start, after much painful readjustment and the overcoming of many vicissitudes, Austria did have in her the makings of quite a sound little business, had the forces of international reaction—above all those of Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany—left her in peace. No one would care to commit himself to prophecies as to the shape in which any State is going to emerge from the chaos which will succeed Hitler's downfall, but I feel that if an Austria emerges which has something like the size and shape of the former Austrian Republic, she may well prove able to look after herself, given the good will of her neighbours.

Everyone knows that when the incongruous empire of the Habsburgs split into its component parts in 1918 it was those succession States which had aided the cause of the Allies that had the ear of the victors, while Vienna, with the adjacent German-speaking provinces, had to bear the guilt attaching to the alliance of Habsburg with Hohenzollern. Fearing the shadow of the Habsburgs, the Czechs at first refused her coal. From all the succession States were turned back into the six million people of Austria about seventy thousand State employees, including particularly railway men, jobless and penniless. The Hungarian feudal landlords, who during the war had sent as little food as possible to their Austrian comrades in arms, were less inclined than ever to supply revolutionary and Socialist Austria. Little wonder that this starving infant, with its swollen head, Vienna, required injections of foreign loans to give it even the semblance of life; little wonder that for a time the Socialists—and many others with no particular affection for Germany—clutched at the Anschluss as offering some hope of survival by attachment to a greater and viable economic unit. But, unfortunately, even the injections with foreign money were administered so as to secure, not merely that Austria survived, but that she did so in a form which appealed to the "hard-faced men" who held the purse strings of the post-war Europe. Efforts which should have been directed towards purely economic aims were often modified by the reactionary counsels of Monsignor Seipel and his City backers. The same elements saw to it that Austrian democracy was betrayed to the Austrian Fascist friends of Benito Mussolini, and then cheerfully wrote off Austria when Hitler, with their acquiescence, occupied this first bastion which barred his path to the conquest of Europe.

These were some of the factors which helped to prevent Austria from becoming a going concern. Nevertheless, from 1927 onwards, despite the setbacks due to internal strife, which was often fomented by the backing by foreign bondholders of the reactionary elements, her economic situation steadily improved until the world crisis inflicted deadly blows at far stronger economic systems than that of Austria. Just as Austria was beginning to rally from this, in 1933-34 a violent blow was struck at it by Hitler's "Ten Pound Barrier," which stopped all tourist traffic from the Reich. This was a very grave matter for a country which from 1923 onwards had sunk so much money and labour in building up a new and most promising industry—the tourist traffic. This was not the only form of economic stranglehold applied by Hitler to force the country to accept the Anschluss; it was this barrier which did much to induce the Alpine provinces to yield to Nazism in the hope of getting back their vital tourist traffic. At the same time, the activities of Hitler's hired Austrian Nazi thugs with explosives and hand grenades helped to scare away other foreign tourists and to permeate the whole population with a sense of the uselessness of resisting. There was no encouragement to do so from the democracies.

The economic progress achieved in the face of all these adverse conditions was remarkable. In 1918 the agricultural basis of the country's existence could hardly be discerned. Scientific research produced a steady amelioration up till 1938. Before long the output of fertilisers and agricultural implements exceeded the country's own needs. She became self-sufficient in sugar, which at first constituted one of the major shortages. A similar development marked the country's production of fruit, vegetables and dairy produce. One of the few useful achievements of the Clerico-Fascist regimes of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg was the technical improvements effected in the system of farmers' co-operatives, with the consequent increase in marketing facilities. The object of the Clerico-Fascist measures was only to improve the position of the well-to-do farmers, but the *Zwergbauer* benefited incidentally. The country never reached self-sufficiency with its production of wheat, but plentiful wheat supplies are close at hand in Hungary, Yugoslavia and Rumania, while Italy's need for Austria's abundant timber is prominent among the obvious openings for the building up of foreign credits with which to pay for imports. The coal shortage, perhaps Austria's biggest problem at the outset, had been solved to a considerable degree at the time of the Anschluss by the development of water-power. Austria will inherit as part payment for the years of occupation and terror the important developments which military exigencies forced the Third Reich to make in respect to her water-power, road and rail transport systems, and, above all, in the field of her other form of liquid fuel—oil. During the war, Austria has made great strides in the production of artificial textiles, which will improve her post-war position.

I can see no advantages, either economic or political, which could accrue to Austria from cutting Vienna out of the body politic to make it a "Free City." Granted that the existence of this "top-heavy capital" was perhaps the main reason why Austria in 1918 was far from being a "going concern," it must be borne in mind that the whole economic readjustment which went on steadily from 1918 to 1938 was based on this very situation. Everything that was done was done to put Vienna *and* the surrounding provinces on a sounder basis. Now to cut out Vienna would be to throw away all the uphill work of readjustment, disorganise the economy of the country, and leave the surrounding provinces, deprived of their capital, in so desperate a state that they would inevitably be absorbed by one or other of their neighbours—probably by Germany. This would mean either a return to the Pan-German Anschluss of Hitler—which is just what both Austrians and the Democracies wish to see wiped out—or afford an equally undesirable opening for international political catholicism to revive the reactionary dream of Monsignor Seipel of a great "Black" *bloc* of Catholic States, mainly German, but involving also the dismemberment of Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. For clearly, it is on democratic and Socialist Vienna that we have to rely to leaven the whole Austrian lump, and to prevent any revival of that Clerico-Fascism of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg which had its roots in the more backward provinces and led directly to the alliance with Italian Fascism and the subsequent emasculation of the Austrian Republic.

In 1919 there really were no "Austrians." There were "Austro-Hungarians," i.e., persons (of various races) inside the defunct monarchy who had been brought up under Habsburg influences to be "Patriots for Me," not "Patriots for Austria," as one Habsburg once put it. There were Socialists in the towns, "Black" Catholics in the provinces, with their exclusive allegiances; there were "Patriots for" Styria, Tyro, Vienna and Carinthia. It has been reserved for Adolf Hitler and the S.S. and Gestapo terror to create a burning sense of Austrian nationhood. Too many travellers during the war years have come our telling precisely similar stories to this for it to be nothing but gossip or wishful thinking. Quite early in the war they told of how Vienna's famous "Heurige" (wine gardens) had to be closed down because of the incessant strife between Germans and Austrians. Everyone speaks of the extreme difficulty of getting anything in the Austrian shops if you speak with a Reichsgerman accent. And if you do, nobody is able to direct you in the streets. Germans are referred to as "Piefke"—a term of opprobrium which is the exact translation of the French word "Boche." And when the "Piefkes" imposed a forty-mark fine for the use of this word in public, the Viennese began calling them "Mexicaner"—which stands for "Meg-sie-kaner"—"No-one-likes-them." There are a certain number of business men who see in the maintenance of the Anschluss a guarantee against an effective revival of Socialist Vienna, with its magnificent achievements in the way of housing and social welfare and as promising bigger profits for themselves in the German markets. There are those who have grown fat on the rich plunder taken from the Jews and otherwise as Party bosses, big and small; most of them are too hopelessly compromised by criminal acts for attempted reinsurance to be worth while. These apart, there would seem to be few genuine partisans of either the Nazis or the Anschluss in Austria to-day.

That we, in the outside world, should hear few concrete facts about resistance inside Austria is easily to be understood. Sabotage in Holland, Norway, Czechoslovakia or Greece can be admitted by the Nazis, and the punishment of the patriots responsible publicised as a warning. But in Austria (as in the Sudeten-German areas) the fiction of "Heim ins Reich" and of a 99 per cent. "Ja" plebiscite has to be maintained. All news, therefore, of discontent, sabotage, armed resistance and executions for it is suppressed. Yet evidence of resistance creeps even into the Nazi press of occupied Vienna, especially when one has learned to read between the lines. There is little doubt that the "Maquis" exists also in Austria, though so far on a very small scale. And it is significant of the growth of national feeling that at last the Nazi press, in which for years the very word "Austria" was taboo in favour of "Ostmark," has stopped pretending that Austrians are only another kind of provincial German.

G. E. R. Gedye.

AUTUMN IS HERE

Autumn is here and the barracking birds,
The leaves lie thick upon the ground,
The herded ambulances lie
Under the trees, without a sound:

Motionless, in line they rest,
Hooded and shut they wait their day;
The dark-faced Texan stands on guard;
The voices of children peal at play.

The golden light hangs in the trees,
The western air is kind and mild;
A soldier leans on the gate with his girl,
His laugh as eager as a child.

The sick man walks along the road
Nor concerns himself too much with these:
He once was avid of life as they,
Now finds those pleasures mockeries.

Fear in his mind, anguish in his heart,
With slow considered steps he goes;
Around him the voices of birds and men
Unsuspecting the truth he knows.

A. L. Rowse

"HEREOF FAIL NOT"

RELUCTANCE to serve on juries, especially among the dwindling owners of "one-man businesses," has lately become especially articulate. Their letters of protest in the press have inspired the usual answers from constitutional purists; jury service is one of the hard-won privileges of citizenship, the common man's opportunity to restrain the judiciary, the practical expression of Magna Charta; it is a duty as well as a privilege. This is all right, rejoins the common man, but why do some of the duties of citizenship rank for pay when others do not? No doubt it is a duty as well as a privilege to vote at election times, but as you can shirk it without danger (or at least with no obviously related danger) you do not expect to be paid for it. If you are conscripted into the Forces or industry you are a man under orders, you have to go where you are told; but you are paid. Once you receive a jury summons you are a man under orders from the Supreme Court; you must obey the summons or you will be ordered to pay a fine or, in the last resort, go to prison. So much (if you only knew) is implied in its admonitory conclusion: "Hereof fail not." Jury service in criminal cases at a Court of Assize or Quarter Sessions might take you away from your business for two or three weeks, and for this serious inconvenience you do not receive a penny—not even your travelling expenses. (In the Probate, Admiralty and Divorce Division or in the King's Bench you will be paid by the litigant who has desired that a jury shall be empanelled, but it is little more than a token payment.)

As an institution protecting the people against judicial carelessness, prejudice, or tyranny, the jury has always been regarded as occupying one of the most sacred places in the public affection. It has, indeed, inspired a volume of lyrical praise which no human institution can possibly deserve; any attempt to abolish it would precipitate one of those social avalanches that puzzle and embarrass the contemporary citizen but sustain the historian.

It is surely significant that, although the defects of the jury system might be thought to embarrass H.M. Judges as much as anybody, no one defends it more stoutly than they. It may be conceded that, since the establishment of the Court of Criminal Appeal in 1907, with the right of appeal against the decisions of juries on questions of fact as well as on questions of law, much of the force has gone out of the argument that the jury safeguards the citizen against arbitrary judicial treatment. It may even be easier to guard against injustice in the case of a trial by Judge alone than it is in the case of a trial by Judge and jury; the Judge is one known man, conspicuous, open to censure, open even to punishment if he does wrong, whereas the jury are twelve (or, as a war-time measure, seven) unknown men and women, forming a group just large enough to destroy even the appearance of individual responsibility. Having given their verdict they sink into obscurity and are never heard of again. At one time they were locked up "without fire or food" until they arrived at their verdict, and sometimes they were fined or even imprisoned if they gave a verdict which displeased the Judge. ("The hungry judges soon the sentence sign, and wretches hang, that jurymen may dine.") In these days their verdict of "not guilty" is absolutely the last word in any criminal trial; the prisoner they thus acquit must be discharged, and is for ever free from prosecution on the same charge, though he may shout from the dock "This is all wrong—I did it," or go to the nearest police station to confess and give himself up. (Sometimes an inwardly exasperated Judge who knows this, and who has before him the prisoner's criminal record about which the jury can never be told until they have returned a verdict of guilty, will say to him as he is formally discharged: "Only you and I know how fortunate you are.") True, the Judge is often the only real friend of the juror, once he is in Court. Often it is he alone who treats jurors with a consideration which is disinterested as well as polite (for they would do well to distrust the fulsome flatteries of advocates), and they are ordered and badgered about by all the petty officials. There is a pathos about jurymen, a blend of oriental passivity and self-conscious amusement such as you find in any English crowd.

Are juries worth retaining, then, paid or unpaid? The position has not greatly changed since Sir James Fitzjames Stephen could say, in his *History of the Criminal Law*, that

> a Judge ought to be, and usually is, a man of far greater intelligence, better education, and more force of mind than any individual member of the juries whom he has to address. Though the force and effect of evidence can hardly be tested better than by the impression which it makes on a jury, this advantage is obtained only when all the jurors listen to the whole of the evidence; and it continually happens that several of them are half asleep, or listen mechanically, or think about something else, and that when the verdict is considered they follow the lead of any member of the jury who chooses to take the lead. . . . Juries almost never take notes, and most of them would only confuse themselves by any attempt to do so. I strongly suspect that a large proportion of them would, if examined openly at the end of a trial, be found to be in a state of hopeless confusion and bewilderment. I think that, in all criminal cases of any considerable difficulty or importance, there ought to be at least a power to summon *special* juries. In short, I think a good Judge and a good *special* jury form as strong a tribunal as can be had, but I think a Judge without a jury would be a stronger tribunal than a Judge and an average common jury.

Mr. Justice Stephen, as a matter of fact, had no tenderness for the criminal, and saw the criminal law mainly as an instrument of social revenge. What he meant by a "strong" tribunal may be guessed accordingly, and, since it failed to harmonise with the growing humanitarianism of his day, his special bent had to seek expression in codifying the law rather than in reforming it. As a matter of interest, his plea for "special" juries in criminal cases, which has never been implemented legally, has in practice been fulfilled by a disingenuous contrivance at some Assize Courts which works fairly well. At all Courts, when a jury is empanelled at the beginning of a case, the names of the jurors are taken one by one from a box and called out by the Clerk of the Court. A crowd of "waiting jurors" has been shepherded into the Court to take part in the ceremony. Regard is thus paid to the principle of catholicity and the "packed" jury is rendered impossible. But when a complicated commercial fraud is in the calendar, and the customary hobnobbings among leading counsel on both sides have given some indication as to the probable date when the trial will begin, the officials at some Courts have a way of holding in reserve the names of a sufficient number of jurors whose records show them to be accountants, business men, "financiers," and promoters, and from among whom accordingly you can get what amounts to a "special" jury capable of understanding the case they have to try; the smaller fry have in the meantime been worked off on the larcenies, housebreakings, and assaults which the grocer and the clerk can be expected to follow with some interest and comprehension.

Recent letters in the *Times* have called attention once more to "the law's delay" and its prohibitive cost to the litigant or the defendant; suggestions for removing the burden of cost from the individual to the State have poured in. But the juror has not (so far) been mentioned. He is neither a transgressor nor a "litigious person"; he merely pays rates on a house assessed at £20 and appears on the register of electors. Three weeks of hanging about in Court (even with a day or two off at intervals) may cost him anything from £20 to £50, and may possibly ruin his business. "Where do I go to draw my expenses?" he frequently asks some uniformed Court official when he has been discharged "with the thanks of the country." The answer sends him away with an angry and incredulous outlook on the privileges of citizenship.

Thus, though the value of a jury in civil cases (which has to be paid) is a matter for the litigant, we put it high enough in criminal cases to make juries compulsory in all trials "on indictment." But if ever, through our national aptitude for meeting the future with our eyes upon the past, we reach the point where we must decide either to pay our criminal juries or abolish them, unquestionably we must pay them. With all their faults, despite all their maddening obtuseness and the high proportion of deep-dyed criminals whom they allow to escape unpunished (at one Assize Court, over a period of twelve months, it was 41 per cent. of those committed for trial), these mild little assemblies of blurred individuals have done much to enforce progressive changes in the law. Since, despite some of its woolly-minded apologists, the law is not a thing with a life of its own, it is constantly outstripped by public opinion, and public opinion on the state of the criminal law, often twenty years ahead of Parliament, is more often fifty ahead of the Courts. Wilfully perverse verdicts of "not guilty," for example, have forced the legislators to abolish the death penalty in any case other than treason, murder, piracy, or the burning of warships, docks and arsenals; they forced its abolition by statute in the case of expectant mothers or persons under eighteen convicted of capital crimes, and of women who kill their babies while still affected mentally by the rigours of childbirth—the last as recently as 1922, when juries who had previously been required either to convict of murder or to acquit altogether, were given the choice between verdicts of "infanticide," concealment of birth, or "guilty but insane." They still, often enough, enrage the Courts with verdicts of "not guilty" which defy all the weight of evidence, and which send away the victims of cruel offences with a sense of injustice, frustration and defencelessness. But the only way to stop them doing it is to abolish them; and this step, so lightly advocated by the thoughtless, would destroy the essence of a system which is imperfect but which has no peer. We should do well to keep our juries. But we should do better to ensure that, exposed as they are to fortune's buffets, they get some of her rewards. Citizenship in the modern State is a job with growing expenses.

C. H. ROLPH

THE REFUGEES

THE old man sat at the dining-room table. He was doing a crossword puzzle in the Free Bopp weekly, for the old man was a Free Bopp. His daughter was not so free; she looked after the old man and had to put up with all his peculiarities. She cooked for him, shopped for him, kept hens for him. They lived in a little furnished house, which they had taken in nineteen-forty, when they had just come over from Boppland. They had been lucky, the old man and his daughter, for driving along the roads of Boppland and France had been no easy thing in May nineteen-forty. They had shown courage. It seemed as if the effort was the last that they could make; the old man was old, and Amelia was useless.

Why on earth did you come? people asked them. They looked so decent and harmless, those two: not even a German would hurt them. But that was in nineteen-forty. Since then, an understanding for old Bopp's dislike of Germans had sprung up, and he was left in peace. He had his rations, he had his share of the Blitz and the Bugs, and he bore it all bravely.

The little furnished house grew tired. The black-out became torn, the carpet in the dining room became threadbare, the garden was neglected, and the roses, planted by the owner, who was now fighting in Burma, languished and shook their heads and blushed and looked away, as if to say: those Continentals. . . .

The daughter had a part-time job. She made long bus journeys, meeting always the same people, and not talking to them, but liking them from a distance, and feeling more and more foreign in a country where foreigners are made to feel at home. She would go for walks on Sunday afternoons, looking into people's houses, and seeing them eat their meal of fish paste sandwiches, hard scones and dry cake, and then going back to the mowing of their lawns, the mending of their sheds and the planting of their cabbages. A neighbour suggested that the Bopps should keep a few hens, and hens they kept, Amelia feeding them and looking after their comfort, while old Bopp sometimes tiptoed into the garden and looked into the nest, to see if she was giving him his full share of the eggs. Why, sighed Amelia, why am I not like those sturdy English girls, who earn their living and have men-friends and talk about equal rights? For she was not old, and she felt she could have enjoyed life if only she could have forgotten that she was a Bopp. She saw other refugees, who seemed more English than the English themselves, and who were always referring to "our" planes, "our" men, "our" successes and even to "our" bulldozers. She wondered why she had such a strong sense of duty as to be always prepared for the return to Boppland.

It must be her father's fault, for turning on the news in Bopp seven times a day and for going to the Bopp club once a month, and coming back with horror stories about the treatment Bopp patriots were suffering at the hands of the Germans. He was only repeating what the Bopp broadcasts and the Free Bopp paper said, with the occasional addition of an escapee's adventures. Horror could not affect old Bopp: he had his coal ration to think of, he had to see that the windows of the little furnished house remained closed so that he would not catch cold; he had to keep Amelia active, or she would have given him only one cooked meal a day instead of two.

Propaganda, thought Amelia, carrying home a basket of potatoes. *Le mariage fait des cocus et le patriotisme fait des imbeciles. . . .* There was no reality left in Amelia's life. She clung to her memories, but the old world, which she had loved, was dead. She knew that in the new world—the one that would be open to *her*—there would be no time for the looking up of old places. There would be two things: propaganda and food rations. As she bent over the sink, tears fell in it.

I have indeed, thought Amelia, lost everything. I am getting old, I am a fool, a weakling.

But she went out to tea cheerfully that afternoon, and while she was eating paste sandwiches, hard scones and cake, she said brightly: We in Boppland are much more fussy about food than you are. We always have cream with our coffee. You must come and stay with us after the war. I'll show you all the lovely places I know. . . .

V. L. T.

THIS ENGLAND

A 5 - prize for the first entry in this column goes to Barbara Robbins.

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Unique Opportunity! Terraced pig-sty, central posn., others tenanted; walled courtyard; very healthy; easily converted into modern res.; £995.—Advt. in *Exeter Express.*

The Home Office wants to know who authorised Cockermouth Urban Council, Cumberland, to use the seal of the Crown in its correspondence. The council, which has used the royal sign ever since the district was urbanised fifty years ago, does not know and is consulting town and county historians.—*Manchester Guardian.*

With regard to the post-war period, Lady Montgomery thinks it will be a much more difficult time for most of us than during the war years. One problem she could see was the finding of girls willing to enter domestic service after having been employed for so long in the Services, in the munitions, etc.—*Lisburn Standard.*

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"American Artists' Report on the War," at the National Gallery

In the War Artists Exhibition a small room is at present devoted to work by Americans. Congress, it seems, refused to sanction such a scheme as we have here, so that magazine-proprietors have had to shoulder some of the responsibility and the painters have had to undertake ordinary military duties. Probably as a result of this none of the work compares with the liveliest examples of our war-art. There is no American equivalent here of such imaginative work as Sutherland's and Moore's. On the other hand, the skill in "reporting" is high. American advertisers and editors encourage a certain stylishness in the commercial artists they employ, and these can be trusted to make a neat job of their assignments. Henry Varnum Poor, George M. Harding, Sherman C. Loudermilk, Davis Fredenthal and Wallace Brodeur make decorative arrangements of *choses vues*, while Reginald Marsh and Mitchell Jamieson have the vivid actuality that we admire in American radio-reporting. The well produced catalogue affords no information about the number of war artists employed. The present exhibition should be followed by others, for it reveals a high level of accomplishment.

THE MOVIES

"Sous les Toits de Paris," at the Academy
"The Mask of Dimitrios," at Warners

Early among those returning to France has been Cavalcanti; Renoir, I am told, may follow, and I have hopes, but no conviction, that we may look forward to a return of René Clair. I don't think I have ever used the word "genius" in connection with films, but Clair had it, unquestionably. I would go to any revival of *Sous les Toits de Paris, Le Million* or *A Nous la Liberté;* they represent a poetry of the cinema which we never knew before and, alas, have never known since. *Sous les Toits,* the quintessence of Paris, has been added this week to *Le Journal de la Résistance* at the Academy; so, of course, I went. It rained at times; it has suffered queer cuts; twice the film broke; but it would take more than a faulty performance to spoil this romantic masterpiece. Every foot has been borrowed or imitated since, from the famous roofs to Préjean's hands-in-pockets stroll after the return from prison—Chaplin bagged this for *City Lights.* Yes, one may know it backwards, and yet the old charm works. We are touched again by the commonplace little tale of love and friendship among thieves, by the dirty streets and bars, the whine of a concertina, the close-up of a broken hand mirror. How economically Clair uses his material! Very little dialogue: we don't have to listen to what Albert and Pola say whenever they open their mouths, and what a gain that is! The quiet moments tell, and when it comes to movement every ripple on the screen is caught up by music. Long before Disney, Clair discovered the association of images and sound, an association that was to develop with *Le Million* into operette. The score of *Sous les Toits* contains endless felicities in matching; the rainstorm, for example, with which the film opens, is an enchanting arpeggio of wetness that makes the running figures dance. One reason why this film is not only an æsthetic experience but tranquillising to the nerves is that it was made for ears that had not yet become tone-deaf. The "background music" (suitably named) of later talkies, with voices, bands and gunfire going full tilt together, has accustomed us to an undifferentiated roar from which these settings of Bizet and Waldteufel are a sweet relief. Lastly, Clair reminds us that the work of art is always superior to the conference-hatched article. I look forward to revivals of *Le Million* and *A Nous La Liberté;* and meanwhile, for those who are members of the London Film Institute Society (4 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1), a performance of *The Italian Straw Hat* will be given on October 23rd.

The Mask of Dimitrios. Eric Ambler thriller, atmospheric, amusing, with Peter Lorre, Zachary Scott, Victor Francen, Uncle Sidney Greenstreet and all. The last of these, like a dropsical Persian cat, padding round, purring, and waiting to scratch, is in his element. Brilliant photography and cutting. New director, Jean Negulesco.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

JAPAN

SIR,—With much of your excellent article on "Japan's Defeat and After," and, in particular, your point that the peoples of South-East Asia must feel that the coming victory is theirs as well as ours, there will, I am sure, be general agreement.

I cannot help feeling, however, that it is a pity that we should attempt to inject into a complicated political and economic situation our own prejudices, whether Right or Left. What exactly is the meaning of your suggestion about "reinstating capitalist interests in Burma and Malaya"?

It is perfectly true that large sums of British capital have been invested in Malaya. Is this a good thing or a bad? Is it right to lend money to Russia, the Argentine and other parts of the world, and wrong to invest it in British colonies? An analysis of the comparative economic positions of different colonies shows that those territories which have attracted the largest amount of outside capital enjoy the highest standard of living. The Gambia is an example of a colony where little British or any other capital has been invested.

The result of British good government and the investment of capital, British and Chinese, in the case of Malaya was that this country which 70 years ago was a poverty-stricken jungle with a population of less than half a million, had become the richest country in Asia with 5½ million population, and a standard of education, sanitation, public health, co-operative societies, agricultural instruction and general administration which had attracted almost every race in Asia to its shores. They contributed over £20,000,000 to our war chest and nearly £500,000 to the war relief of the people of this country. These donations were voluntary and came almost entirely from Asiatics. But the capital invested was not only British or even European. Fifty per cent. of the rubber estates and 30 per cent. of the tin mines were Asiatic owned. Remittances to China and India exceeded £5,000,000 a year, apart from the money spent in the country by these non-Malay races.

If, when the Japanese are driven out, we are not to restore property to its rightful owners, what is to happen to it? Most of the British investors in Malayan tin and rubber companies are small people. Are their holdings to be confiscated? If so, then presumably we must do the same thing to Chinese and Indian capital, unless there is some particular guilt attached to capital which happens to be British. If all outside capital in British Malaya is expropriated then the country will quickly return to the primitive jungle in which we found it.

I should be the first to agree that in future all outside capital investment in a British colony must fulfil two conditions. The first is that it fits in with the plan of development for the country, and the second is that it pays its rightful share of all local taxation, direct and indirect. One of our post-war difficulties is likely to be that of a shortage of British capital for Colonial development because of our overwhelming commitments here at home.

The difficult questions which will face us in South-East Asia after the war cannot be solved either by slogans or drastic over-simplification. In Malaya the political problem is to reconcile the interests of the Malays and the Chinese in any scheme of self-government. It is, in fact, a problem of the Palestinian order. Economically, we may find that the U.S.A. will no longer need natural rubber on account of their becoming self-supporting in the synthetic article. If that happens, South-East Asia becomes temporarily, at any rate, a tropical slum.

CAPT. L. D. GAMMANS

House of Commons.

[Our point, which Captain Gammans misconstrues, was not that Burma and Malaya should henceforth be deprived of financial resources from Britain to raise the level of their economic and social life, but that "liberation" would be unwelcome to many Burmans and Malayans if it brought back in its train the powerful British corporations which dominated these countries up to 1941.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

THE NAZI MENTALITY

SIR,—After reading Fraenkel's article on German youth, I cannot help wishing that he would attend one, just one, session of an average London child-guidance clinic. Re-education is in prospect a valuable stimulant, but also an intoxicating one. Fraenkel marshals his facts, but fails to evaluate them against conditions which he can observe himself, in wartime England.

Granted from his questionnaire that German youth is illiterate—has he tried a comparable series of questions on English conscripts? I once asked a ward full of young soldiers the name of the greatest living English author (leaving room for choice, I may say) with similar results to his own, except that nobody said Churchill. Child pregnancies? A few weeks of general practice would make him pretty familiar with child prostitutes, not singly, but in hordes. Hooliganism? It is far from rare to come across children of five "beyond parental control." Familiarisation with brutality? Rarer than under a State which encourages it as such, but not so uncommon among the youngest soldiers and older civilian adults. I hesitate to quote it as an argument, but halfway down the north side of Oxford Street is a large notice HOLIDAYS AT HOME—SEE THE HORRORS OF THE GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMPS—LIFE-SIZE FLOGGING!

I am not asserting similarity between the mentality of our own youth and that of Germany, but reminding the re-educators that one cannot set a premium on violence with impunity, and this is the generation which we shall oppose, by way of "re-education," to the "fanatics" of Germany. The salient difference is that here we have a mental vacuum into which no indoctrination has been instilled. It is an utter vacuum, culturally, ethically and politically, but it is of such a form and shape that in the long run it will inevitably be filled rather by authority than liberalism, rather by doctrine than thought. One can pontificate about the educational evils of Nazism and fail to see that these are at root the educational evils of war. There is a pretty nasty surprise coming to the theorists of democratic education. We may have won the political conditions of liberalism, but in doing so we have destroyed a very large part of a generation, not deliberately but by default. Few adults realise the deterioration in their own social attitude (what would the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION have said of Hamburg if it had been a reprisal for Guernica in 1939?) and still less do they see the magnitude of the domestic problem of re-education. There is every pre-requisite in the next generation of the ideology we claim to oppose, except the ideology itself, and that, when the medium is favourable, is not hard to apply nor slow of acceptance.

PHYSICIAN

THE BALTIC STATES

SIR,—Mr. J. J. Murphy's deductions from my letter to your journal of September 23 are based on wishful thinking. Elections in Lithuania (also Latvia and Estonia) were held when the whole country, every village and town, was occupied by the Red Army. In many cases even the voting booths were guarded by the men of the Red Army. What Mr. Murphy calls "unsatisfactory features in the elections" were not due to local parties, because these were not allowed to participate in the elections, but by the Communist Party directed by Moscow's representatives, M. Dekanozov and M. Pozniakov, backed by the bayonets of the Red Army. "The real rulers of Lithuania," says the U.S.A. Minister to Lithuania, Mr. O. J. C. Norem, who watched those tragic days from his Legation in Kaunas (his book, *Timeless Lithuania*), "were now the Assistant Commissar for Foreign Affairs, the Russian with peculiar name Dekanozov . . . and his trusty Comrade, the former Envoy Extraordinary to Lithuania, Mr. Pozniakov. They directed all of the activity in the Government offices still functioning." The threats to the members of the "People's Parliament" who refused to vote for the incorporation into the U.S.S.R. were made by the above-mentioned Moscow's representatives and the members of the Soviet Legation. This was revealed by the members of the "People's Parliament." About the elections, Mr. Norem, the U.S.A. Minister, says the following: "Only one ballot had been printed, of course, since the only legal party was the Communist Party. In order to insure a vote equally as good as those arranged by Herr Hitler, certain voting squads visited various precincts. One precinct was visited several times by a group that had imbibed too freely of firewater, and the result of the vote there was 122%. . . . Some of our own American students in Lithuania . . . managed to arrive with American passports wherein appears the word 'Balsavo.' It means voted." Mr. Murphy ought to know that there are some conversations between foreign statesmen about which no communiques are issued, and if they are issued they do not contain everything about the conversations. Mr. Murphy can find something about the results of the elections in the *Daily Telegraph* of July 15, 1940, twenty-four hours before the polls were closed.

Mr. Murphy's comparison of the Baltic people's struggle for their national existence with those of the peoples of Poland, Yugoslavia and Greece is very appropriate. Mr. Norem sums up the position in Lithuania just before the elections as follows: "Over 2,000 persons were purged on this June 20th, and great was the mourning wail sent up by a stricken nation being tortured. Men were liquidated, imprisoned or deported to dread Siberia. Trains were moving labelled 'Enemies of the People.' Returning empty trains bore the amusing legend, 'Food for the Starving Lithuanians.' It was quite amazing that a so-called civilised nation could possibly attempt such a hoax." During one year of the Soviet occupation over 120,000 people were deported from the Baltic States to Siberia. That is the reason why the Baltic people sabotaged the elections, and that is why they did not rejoice about the incorporation of their countries into the Soviet Union, and that is why they are now so apprehensive about their future.

M. BAJORINAS

SIR,—Mr. M. Bajorinas presents an entirely false picture of the policy of the U.S.S.R. towards the Baltic States in his letter dated September 23rd.

(1) The elections to the respective People's Parliaments of the Baltic States, on 13th July, 1940, were held without the slightest interference on the part of the Red Army, which entered the three Republics only when it became abundantly clear that, their former pro-Fascist Governments were unable and unwilling to fulfil honestly the terms of Mutual Assistance Pacts signed in October, 1939, and were also conducting secret negotiations with Germany, giving her a free hand to smuggle in thousands of fifth-columnists disguised as "tourists." The elections were held under democratic governments whose composition far from being Communist included such non-Communist individuals as Johannes Vares (Barbarus), a prominent Nationalist poet, Nigol Andresen and Alexander Joeaar, progressive leaders of the Socialist Party, in Estonia; August Kirchensteins, a scientist of repute, Villis Lacis, writer, and Ans Busevics, veteran Social-Democratic leader, in Latvia; Justas Paleckis and Mecys Gedvila, both well-known Left-wing Peasant Party leaders, in Lithuania.

(2) The Working People's Union, besides the Communist Party, included representatives of Peasant and Youth Organisations, Trade Unions and of the progressive intelligentsia. It enjoyed the overwhelming support of the peoples of the Baltic Republics. The Fascist and pro-Fascist groups were not allowed to nominate their candidates. Is it this fact that Mr. Bajorinas resents?

(3) I find no reason to doubt the official results of the

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elections. Mr. Bajorinas does not disclose the source of his information concerning either (*a*) " the former members " of the People's Parliament in Lithuania, " who proved that only 16–18 per cent. of the ballot cards were submitted at the polls in Lithuania," or (*b*) the members of the People's Parliament in Lithuania who were allegedly compelled to vote for the incorporation into the Soviet Union.

(4) Professor Kreve-Mickevicius's testimony is quoted as to the alleged interview he had with the Foreign Commissar, Molotov, at the time when he was the Lithuanian Foreign Minister. The moral character of the professor has since been revealed by his collaboration with the German authorities and by the publication of his " Memoirs " in the Nazi paper *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*.

(5) Far from being " illusory," the Baltic States' right to conduct their own foreign affairs is real. The most recent proof of it is the successful negotiation on the exchange of the population between the Government of the Lithuanian S.S.R. and the Polish National Liberation Committee.

6, Valentine Crescent,
Reading, Berks.
M. GINSBURGAS

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY

SIR,—To mark the centenary of the late Professor George Saintsbury's birth, a Memorial volume is being prepared for publication next year. This is being compiled by a number of us who were Professor Saintsbury's students, and the royalties will be devoted to the provision of an annual Saintsbury Essay Prize at Edinburgh University. The volume will include, among other things, a selection made from those of Saintsbury's writings which have appeared only in the pages of periodicals.

An extensive survey has already been made; but since no detailed record of his periodical writings has been preserved, any information which your readers could give about such contributions might help materially the work which is now in progress. Any communication would be gladly received by Dr. John W. Oliver, Ramsay Cottage, Barnton Terrace, Edinburgh, or by myself.
AUGUSTUS MUIR

The Old Cottage,
Berden, Nr. Bishop's Stortford.

THE BULGARIAN GOVERNMENT

SIR,—I cannot help being astonished at Mr. Padev's letter, published in your issue of September 23, in which he extols the democratic virtues of the new Bulgarian " Fatherland Front " Government.

The " Zveno " military group is the principle component of the new Bulgarian Government. It is no secret that its head, Colonel Georgiev, and its War Minister, Colonel Veltchev, both members of the " Zveno " group, together with Tsankov—now head of a puppet Bulgarian Government set up by the Germans—planned and carried out the *coup d'état* which in 1933 overthrew and " liquidated " Stambolinski. Dimo Kazazov, moreover, the Bulgarian " Socialist," now Minister of Propaganda, was a member of the Tsankov terrorist Government which followed the *coup d'état*. In 1934 Georgiev, leader of the " Zveno " group, and Veltchev, secretary of the Military League, planned and carried out the *coup d'état* of the 9th May, which dissolved the Parliament and all political parties, abolished whatever freedom of the Press then existed, and established a military dictatorship. Such men may call themselves " republicans," but they are certainly not democrats.

M. Padev assures us that they have established overnight " complete democracy " in Bulgaria. It is difficult to believe it. " Balkan style Badoglios," as you have rightly termed them, or any Badoglios for that matter, have no relation whatever with democracy. Real democracy can only be built by democrats.

30, Goodwood Court,
Devonshire Street, W.1.
S. J. PAPASTAVROU

TOURISM IN BRITAIN

SIR,—While I welcome Mr. Aylmer Vallance's article on the hotel and tourist industry, I feel that, like Sir Ronald Davison's pamphlet, it does not get at the root of the trouble with British hotel-keeping, for which the licensing laws are mainly responsible.

The way in which these laws operate to restrict development is the result of the interplay of two opposing interests, the liquor trade and the temperance movement (largely supported by employers who, to quote Shaw, " prefer sober workmen " and tradesmen in competition with the publicans for the working man's wages). Hence, it is a common experience at licensing sessions to find the local publicans and chapel ministers united in opposition to any new license being granted to, e.g. a private hotel or boarding house.

The sale of drink in bars is a much more profitable and less troublesome business than the catering side of hotel keeping, which, in consequence, is much neglected. More than a relaxation of opening hours restrictions, a policy of easier licensing for the serving of drinks with meals and to guests staying in a " private " hotel is what is needed. And this, I am, afraid, we shall never have so long as the brewing interests are as strongly represented at Westminster as they are at present. Getting the Tories out is the first step to reorganisation in the tourist industry.

It will be a good thing for the people of this country when it is made fit for foreigners to tour in. Nevertheless, it seems to me the grossest superstition suppose that, in the immediate post-war perio foreign tourists will bring us any benefit. Only wh goods and services are in excess of demand can afford to encourage people who consume withou producing, and to give up, unnecessarily, housin space to them will be an injustice to our own peopl who will need every inch.

It would, moreover, be very bad business encourage tourism before we are ready for it. Th worst mistake a hotel-keeper can make is to ope before the painters are out of the house. I kno one now famous hotel that took years to live do such a blunder. Let us, therefore, frankly tell th world that England is closed for repairs and alteratio until we are ready for a gala opening in, say, 195 when we can, appropriately enough, celebrate th centenary of the opening of the Great Exhibition.

Hazebrook, Coughton,
Ross-on-Wye.
CHARLES ESAM-CARTER

WOMEN'S LAND ARMY

SIR,—Your article on the Government's demobilisation plan raises a number of interesting points regarding the redistribution of labour after the end of th war with Germany. As a member of the Women's Land Army, I should like to point out that nowhe does there seem to be any indication of how or whe we are likely to fit in to the general scheme o demobilisation. This distinction, I believe, we sha with the Bevin Boys, who also, like us, were no included in the plan for putting people back into thei previous jobs after the war.

In Essex we have had a form sent to us askin whether we wish to stay in the Land Army if it continues after the war. Most of us have said " No," bu have had no indication given to us as to how ou demobilisation will take place. It is generally assume that we shall have to wait until the men whose job we hold come back out of the armed forces. However, if this is so, does it mean that the girl who i lucky enough to hold a job previously held by a ma who is one of the first to be demobilised will b allowed to leave the Land Army directly he return regardless of her length of service, whilst another gi who has been in it much longer will have to remain o the land because the man whose job she holds i retained in the armed forces ? It would be very muc appreciated by most Land Girls if the Governme would make some statement on this subject, as we fe that in this, as in a great many other things, we ar being almost completely ignored.

W.L.A. Hostel,
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GRACE K. SORRELL

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

NEARLY a year ago Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones told s in a revealing article on E. M. Forster in this lumn of the existence of Mr. Trilling's critical udy.* It has now been published in this ountry, and it only remains for us to buy and ad it at once. Mr. Trilling, it will be remem-ered, wrote one of the finest critical biographies f recent years, a solid and acute work of mature holarship on Matthew Arnold. His present ork is just as cogent and penetrating, for he is critic of great analytical power and intel-ctual stamina. "All modern critics," he rites, "are judged under the aspect of a critical ovement which is one of the most aggressive and rd-working the history of literature has known." ell, he need not fear its judgment.

Forster, he says, is a liberal and an intellectual; t unlike some intellectuals and liberals he does ot see the world in black and white nor does e believe that human affairs can be packed into wo trunks, one labelled good, the other evil. He lieves rather in a Heraclitean harmony of good d evil. People are made up of both: the stupid d unawakened suddenly in a crisis behave with bility; the intelligent are often insensitive and lfish; the sweet-natured and open-hearted are t to blunder. Mr. Trilling disagrees with irginia Woolf's view that Forster's main concern with the private life. "Passionately as he is ware of the delicacies of the private life he is as ssionate in his investigation of the complex rela-on between private and public, and he has rought every subtle criterion of personality to ar upon the gross difficulty of politics. . . . his constitutes his uniqueness and intellectual eroism." So far from being remote from the orld he knows all the limitations of being human d never supposes men to be better or worse an they are. "This it seems to me might well e called worldliness, this acceptance of man in e world without the sentimentality of cynicism d without the sentimentality of rationalism."

Worldliness . . . what a shocking word to apply the master! To be wise about the world is ot the same as being worldly-wise. For the orld, as Forster shows it us, is sometimes a d spectacle, sometimes comical, but it is a ectacle seen by a spectator. He talks, he ex-lains, peers again at the fierce interplay . . . d occasionally gives a shudder. He is *not* on xcellent terms with this world. He is not an ctive participant like Balzac or Proust or Dickens, ho were inspired by the struggle itself; his eative impulse derives from the judgments he as formed about the struggle.

Although Mr. Trilling is a scholar, it is pre-isely upon a point of scholarship that his thesis perhaps thrown very slightly out of true align-ent. When he lists the great books which ppeared between 1902 and 1906 at the time when orster was writing his first two novels, and notes at great intelligence and an ability to marshal eas for combat were common to them all, he mits the work most distinguished for these quali-es. In 1903 G. E. Moore published his *Principia thica.* Moore had a profound influence on orster and his Cambridge contemporaries. What a brain that fellow has," wrote Lowes ickinson. "It desiccates mine. . . . Not that e's arid—anything but—he's merely the sun"; d Lytton Strachey, after listening to Moore, xclaimed: "The age of reason has come." Is too fanciful to hear echoes of Moore's ethics Forster's novels? Bradley and George Eliot sked: "What is it my duty to do?" Moore and orster believed that we must first ask whether state of affairs is good and that the rightness wrongness of actions is a secondary considera-on. What makes a state of affairs good? Moore, troducing a new complication into hedonist thics, held that there were many characteristics ther than happiness or pleasantness which made state of affairs good, and that some of these will always be hidden from the philosopher. And Forster introduces a similar complexity into the life of values; we are reminded of the conflicting moral issues at the trial of Dr. Aziz, and that there are states of feeling which can be explained only by symbols: a wasp, the evil boom of the Marabar caves, which will always be partially beyond our comprehension. But though philosophy was discussed by the undergraduates in *The Longest Journey* and in Forster's circle, it was Moore's concern for clarity, his insistence on the importance of *states of mind* and that one must analyse *meaning* which really influenced Forster. Where other authors accept the simple virtues and vices at their face value—loyalty, modesty, honesty: vanity, vulgarity, conceit—Forster does not. As one bounds through the glades of his plots, the author will suddenly rein in his reader. "Courage . . . ah, courage . . . now what do you *mean* by courage?" Perhaps, too, Forster's sceptical appraisal of the prizes of office and influence which the world has to offer derives partly from his college, which considered that the function of education was to promote the disinterested search for truth and did not subscribe to Jowett's belief that it was to equip young men with the apparatus to rise to high places in Church and State.

No doubt Forster's comic manner owes much to Fielding, Dickens, Meredith and James. But it is also the comic manner of the Bloomsbury circle which combined high-mindedness and ruthless honesty with an acute sense of comicality, and extreme seriousness with extreme frivolity; which regarded humour in the hands of a man of integrity as a sickle to gather truth. Moreover, Forster has preserved other Victorian characteristics, however much his style and method are a reaction against Victorian prolixity and sonority. His plots have a Victorian caprice, his settings a Victorian vitality; like the Victorians he can lay his hand on a page of characters and say, Let there be Life. On the rare occasions when he lets himself take wing, we hear his forbears speaking.

> The water crept over the mud flats towards the gorse and the blackened heather. Branksea Island lost its immense foreshores and became a sombre episode of trees. Frome was forced inward towards Dorchester, Stour against Wimborne, Avon towards Salisbury, and over the immense displacement the sun presided, leading it to triumph ere he sank to rest.

"The immense displacement." Hardy?

The inadequacy of Mr. Trilling's chapter on Forster's youth is a small matter; literary debts, derivations, influences are all too close to that pseudo-scholarship of which Forster bids us beware. It is important, however, to remember that he is a moralist and that he desires to tell the reader what are the significant values. To teach with art as well as conviction is difficult; even Tolstoy could not sustain the moral realism of *Anna Karenina.* Forster is not guiltless either. At times the plot, the manner and the content are in such violent opposition that we feel that the novel is about to burst its skin. The sudden deaths—Rickie's and Leonard Bast's death—have an air of contrivance; we cannot quite believe in Margaret Schlegel's exogamic marriage; and "his refusal to be great" sometimes tries us sorely. Moreover, every moralist is forced to exclude some part of life which will not fit in with his scale of values. Exclusion is not a fault in itself—it very often is a source of strength if the novelist omits what does not inspire his creative imagination; but it is sometimes instructive to examine his omissions. Now, for Forster the heart is the noblest of the organs, and it can only beat strongly when the will is relaxed, when we are no longer striving to impose our personalities upon other people. Caroline Abbott, Ruth Wilcox and Mrs. Moore are Forster's real heroines. He worships love, the love which is born of the marriage of the heart and the relaxed will, the Corinthian Charity which suffereth long, vaunteth not itself; Love, the Belovèd Republic, for which alone Forster will give three cheers. But what of the Love which is born of the conflict between the heart and the will? Love, which springs from sexual desire and yet is often divorced from sex, possessive, jealous, degrading love. *Odi et amo* . . . what of that? It is not Rickie's marriage to Agnes which corrupts him, but the love which is hostile to all Forster believes, the love which blinds people to reality.

> Sexually Aziz was a snob. This puzzled and worried Fielding. Sensuality, as long as it is straightforward, did not repel him, but this derived sensuality . . . was alien to his emotions. . . . It was in a new form of the old, old trouble which eats the heart out of every civilisation: snobbery, the desire for possessions, credible appendages.

This puzzles and worries Forster, too. Sensuality is rarely straightforward. Are the good life and sexual passion, with its consequent effect on the personality, mutually exclusive? Forster does not admit this, but significantly admires friendship, devotion.

> He was thinking of the irony of friendship—so strong it is and so fragile. We fly together like straws in an eddy to part in the open stream. Nature has no use for us; she has cut her stuff differently. Dutiful sons, loving husbands, responsible fathers—these are what she wants, and if we are friends it must be in our spare time. Abram and Sarai were sorrowful, yet their seed became as the sand of the sea and distracts the politics of Europe at this moment. But a few verses of poetry is all that survives of David and Jonathan.

But what of the will in public life? How can the life lived according to values deal with force? Not very well, I am afraid.

In *What I Believe,* Forster seems to suggest that the best one can do is to cultivate one's garden. After a decade of seeing poets and artists struggling in politics, one is not so sure that this is not good advice. Do politics corrupt the artist? One recalls T. S. Eliot:

> For those who serve the greater cause may make
> The cause serve them
> Still doing right: and striving with political men
> May make that cause political, not by what
> They do but by what they are.

But it is not an entirely satisfactory solution; indeed, in his last two novels he suggests that no solution can be found. Leave government to the Wilcoxes and we find the Turtons in India; and Margaret Schlegel is honest enough to admit that her feelings about politics bear little relation to the facts of existence. It seems to me to be no longer possible to pretend that the same set of values can be applied to public life as to private life. Lowes Dickinson hoped—believed would be too strong a word—that they could, but the world was too powerful for him. The only solution for the honest man is to have two sets of values; and the standards by which one judges political actions will be very different from those applied to the private life. "It is a pity, it is a pity that we should be equipped like this." Eclecticism is not a thing to be proud of, Forster reminds us; but it is more important to be truthful and to admit that, as in criticising books, one set of values is inadequate for the whole variety of human conduct.

The battle with the Wilcoxes still goes on—a cousin of theirs, you remember, married into the Minivers. But it is a very different battle from the one fought in 1910. The middle classes in England are much less self-assured and dogmatic than they were thirty years ago. And Forster, who delighted to clothe his ideas in the fashion of the period, now faces a changed world. He spoke recently of the influence which Samuel Butler had upon him; his own influence in recent years has been no less profound. Even in the days when personal relations had been ousted by politics, we all read him at Cambridge and argued about his books. But in twenty years' time what will his influence be? A moralist is far more subject than any other novelist to changes in taste; each generation magnifies its fathers' vices and minimises their virtues; thus it is that the ethic of one generation appears to the next as inadequate, and soon the critics attempt to prove how utterly false are its moral standards, its judg-

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*E. M. FORSTER. By Lionel Trilling. *Hogarth* ress. 8s. 6d.

ment of life. We may yet witness Forster being condemned as an idealist. But what matters ultimately is not the rightness or wrongness of a novelist's values but the artistic and creative conviction with which he states his vision of life. The fact that George Eliot is a schoolmistress does not make her novels bad. Indeed, the strength, and part of the excellence, of her novels lies precisely in the fact that she cared deeply about moral standards. And so it is with Forster. Of course, he will always live comfortably on his creative capital. The Schlegels are one of the immortal families of English fiction, like the Bennets and the Dorrits. Even if he does not, except in *Where Angels Fear to Tread,* fully resolve the æsthetic problem which he set himself, we are held by his subtle, evocative imagination, his exquisite counterpoint, and, let it be said in a whisper, by his rattling stories. But there is, above these, one quality which will for ever appeal to youth and to those of his mature audience who have not resigned themselves weariedly to accepting the bitterness of life: and that is his honesty: the passionate honesty of the circle in which G. E. Moore argued forty years ago.

NOEL ANNAN.

THE MUSICIAN'S SHELF

Musical Instruments. By KARL GEIRINGER. Translated by BERNARD MIALL. *Allen and Unwin.* 25*s.*

The Physics of Music. By ALEXANDER WOOD. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

Queen's Hall, 1893–1941. By ROBERT ELKIN. *Rider.* 21*s.*

Eight Soviet Composers. By GERALD ABRAHAM. *Oxford University Press.* 6*s.*

Twenty Soviet Composers. By RENA MOISENCO. **Music in the Soviet Union.** By ALAN BUSH. **Music and Society.** By ELIE SIEGMEISTER. *Workers' Music Association.* 1*s.* each.

In wartime editors are short of reviewers, and reviewers shorter still of time. That fact must explain, though it cannot completely excuse, the interval that has elapsed since the publication of some of the volumes listed above. To the authors and publishers concerned I tender my apologies, taking comfort only from the thought that my conscience will have suffered more keenly than their sales, since books of far slighter value now sell out as fast as editions can be printed.

The handsomest of the batch is Dr. Geiringer's *Musical Instruments.* This is a work of reference rather than a book to read through; but it is made extremely palatable by the presence of what is always known as "a wealth" of illustrations. There are 65 plates, of which only the few coloured reproductions are ineffective; and the earlier instruments are generally displayed, not as museum pieces, but "in action" upon the canvases of the Old Masters. A good idea; I wonder if future historians will turn to Picasso and Juan Gris for information about the guitar? The arrangement of the work as a whole is interesting and unusual; instead of treating each instrument separately and tracing its development through the ages, Dr. Geiringer has adopted a wholly chronological layout: "In seven chapters the instruments of the West are treated within the great epochs of history, from the Stone Age to our present day. A period of about twenty-five thousand years is thus covered, beginning with the whirring bones and clay drums of the earliest men, and traced up to the most refined electrical instruments of our time." The author claims that this method has stood the test of many years of teaching experience; however that may be, it is certainly convenient to have in a single chapter a handy digest of information about all the instruments of one historical period. Dr. Geiringer's name is a guarantee of sound scholarship; and one looks forward with impatience to his long-promised and badly needed study of Haydn.

Dr. Alexander Wood supplies a valuable compendium of facts about the physical background of music. A Cambridge Fellow, he writes with authority on physics, and appears also (without intruding the fact) to have some knowledge and love of the musical art. Among his most interesting pages are those devoted to questions of æsthetic concern to composers and listeners: for instance, the kindred problems of absolute pitch and key colour, i.e. the association of various keys with distinct emotional states. This is one of the most curious puzzles of music, about which a fascinating book could be written by someone with adequate training in physics and psychology, a talent for sifting evidence, and a musical memory as comprehensive as Tovey's. Dr. Wood seems to have covered the entire range of his subject: besides the obvious headings, such as Pitch, Scales, Intensity, Vibrato and the rest, we find chapters on the Larynx and the Ear and on the recording and reproduction of sound. It is odd, by the way, to be told that noise has been "defined by international agreement" as "sound undesired by the recipient": an amusing definition, but one which a moment's reflection shows to be untenable. There is a particularly useful chapter on practical acoustics, which prompts the hope that the architect of the Henry Wood Concert Hall will be prepared to sacrifice, at a pinch, any other consideration in favour of first-rate acoustical effect.

Pending (as officials say) the erection of our Brave New Hall, here is a book about the Dear Old One, the lamented Queen's. Mr. Elkin sets down, somewhere or other, most of the facts that we are likely to require, together with a number of good stories. He writes with affection and knowledge, but the arrangement is inelegant and inconvenient: a shorter text, with lists of performers and works relegated to a series of appendices, would better have met the case. I note, however, that the critic of *The Times Literary Supplement* thinks otherwise: "Mr. Elkin is as crisp as Tacitus, as factual as Whitaker, as chronological as Bradshaw, and from Ovid he borrows a strain of vivacity, etc." Ovid? Tacitus? Oh, well, why not? *Don't you know there's a war on?*

Mr. Abraham's is the only piece of pure musical criticism on my list, and a most valuable one. His knowledge of Russian and great capacity for work have enabled him to perform a task which no one in England is better qualified to attempt; he has examined all the available scores of the principal Soviet composers, attended the few English performances of their works and read extensively in the literature of Soviet musical criticism. I particularly admire his tenacity in this last respect; Soviet criticism so often consists of a string of ideological clichés about "Socialist Realism" (the good boys) and "Formalism" or "Leftism" (the bad ones) that the Western musician is inclined to jib. Mr. Abraham retains both his patience and his judgment, and sees that the Soviet attitude to art is a mixture of good and bad: active, vital and encouraging—and at the same time oppressive and dictatorial. Composers are regarded as people of consequence, and that is something; they are not (for instance) conscribed for war. On the other hand, the State Publishing Company is a monopoly, and symphonies are written to government contract; if the government doesn't like them, you either change your style or stop being a composer. In practice such conditions favour the best-seller type at the expense of the artist who has something to say which is new, vital and at first glance unwelcome to the bureaucratic mind. Not even the inspiring thought of the Composers' House in Moscow "where nearly 150 musicians can live with their families in sound-proof apartments" can compensate, in Western eyes, for the essential freedom of the artist to say what he really wants to say in his own way. But even to the most standard products of Soviet musical culture, those monumental epic-symphonies so reminiscent of the Soviet Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, Mr. Abraham remains absolutely fair. His composers are Shostakovich, Prokofiev, Khachaturyan, Knipper, Shebalin, Kabalevsky, Dzerzhinsky and Shaporin; and he makes us extremely curious to hear the Shaporin-Blok song-cycle *Kulikov* "perhaps the finest musical work Soviet Russ has yet produced."

The three pamphlets issued by the Worke Music Association contain useful facts b hardly pretend to a critical approach. Mr Moisenco makes a handy supplement to Mr Abraham, but does not write out of her person experience, mostly translating slabs from *Sovie skaya Musica* and other Russian musical journal For Mr. Siegmeister no æsthetic theory, provide it bears some sort of Marxian hallmark, can be t wild; and even so sound a musician as Mr Bush is capable of announcing with a perfect straight face that, in Russia, "all members of opera company have, as part of their qualificatio to pass an examination in philosophy." De dear! How our enjoyment of Tetrazzini' roulades would have been spoilt by the awf disclosure that her Aristotle was shaky!

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE TWO NATIONS

Rich Man, Poor Man. By JOHN HILTON *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

John Hilton, one of those who "should hav died hereafter," had a deep knowledge and under standing of the poor and their desires an problems. Instinctively a passionate soci reformer (by which is not meant the smug magistral attitude that roused the wrath of G. K Chesterton), he was nearly a Socialist. But no quite. In the Halley Stewart Lectures, now reprinted, which he delivered in 1938, Hilto began by demonstrating to his satisfaction th the uneven distribution of property in Britain a social evil which, in his view, could be mitigate but not wholly removed by "security" measure on Beveridge lines. He definitely wanted to se every family in possession of a "nest-egg" fo use either as a cushion against sudden adversity or as a means of seizing opportunity—to send boy to college, to buy a bargain bicycle, o even to have a justifiable "beano" now and then Appreciating, rightly, that the omission of means-test in social insurance is essential if th individual is to be given incentive to add fo himself to the provision made by the State, h attached extreme importance to ownership o some property, however modest, as a factor i the making of good, self-respecting citizens. Ye though he put his finger on the usual, immediat causes of poverty—sickness, unemploymen failure (ascribable in 90 per cent. of cases to lo earnings rather than thriftlessness) to save on an worth-while scale—he never squarely faced th question whether adequate remedies are compatible with the continuance of capitalism.

It would be a mistake to suppose that war-earnings and the "Save for Victory" campaig are likely to alter permanently the picture, whic Hilton drew in his lectures, of the distribution o wealth in 1938. (In the impressive figures of war-savings one is apt to overlook the extent of "dis-investment" represented by non-replacement o worn-out clothes and chattels which will have t be made good by cashing-in savings certificate acquired by deferring normal expenditure. Basing his conclusions mainly on the probat statistics, Hilton found that, of the twelve millio families in Britain just before the war, fou million possessed £100 or more, four millio owned £1–£100, and four million either owne nothing or were in debt. The fact that in 193 so-called "small savings" totalled over £3,00 million in no way controverts these finding Though the P.O. Savings Bank, for example, ha over 11,000,000 individual accounts, only 13 p cent. of the depositors had balances in excess o £100, and in 70 per cent. of the cases the averag deposit was £4.

Given this social structure, the case for th assumption by the State of unconditional respons bility for averting the effects of sickness, loss o employment, accident and old age is obvious unanswerable. But even if Beveridge Pla benefits prevent the household "stocking" bei nptied by the normal sort of misfortune which its the wealthless, can we expect increased saving create the millions of "small-propertied" milies which Hilton wished to see? His nalysis of expenditure by the poor and nearly oor shows, as one would expect, that even out f low earnings a proportion is spent on "perms nd pints; on cigarettes and cinemas"—all of nem objects theoretically marginal. Of course oney is frittered away on self-satisfaction: ould a life of absolute abstinence be worth ving? But the crucial factor seems to me to e that it is infinitely harder to save 10 per cent. f 50*s.* a week than 10 per cent. of £5,000 a year. nd suppose that by indoctrinating the merits of ving and accumulation of invested money, we ucceeded in persuading the 8 million "zero to 100" families to spend less on consumers' goods nd services, what would be the effect in a apitalist economy? Beyond doubt, persistent under-consumption," with resulting unemploy-nent which would directly or indirectly neutralise ne savings made. Hilton saw the existence of nat dilemma; discussed the point with an conomist friend; and decided somewhat airily nat the difficulty could be overcome by a counter-alancing monetary policy designed to lead to reatly increased production of capital goods—nodel factories, fine schools, houses worthy of a righter Britain. It could be done in a Socialist conomy; but I have yet to be convinced that would be possible so long as profitability in ormal capitalistic terms is the test whereby the easibility of production is judged.

AYLMER VALLANCE

PAIDEIA

aideia: **The Ideals of Greek Culture.** By WERNER JAEGER. Volume II. *Blackwell.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

A group of questions frequently asked at Brains rusts, both at those on the air and at those in the esh, may be summarised roughly as follows: Does Science involve specialisation while the lassics stand for an all-round education? If so, hat is meant by an all-round education? Is an ll-round education a 'good thing' and is the pecialisation which results from science a bad thing'? Or is it only undue specialisation nat is bad?" and so on. I wish that on these ccasions one could read passages from Professor aeger's book, of which it is not an inaccurate escription to say that it is a sustained attempt to nswer precisely these questions.

It is, in fact, the second volume of a trilogy designed to elucidate the Greek concept of *paideia*. The first volume deals with *paideia* in the sixth and fifth centuries; the present volume, which interprets the philosophical conception of *paideia* in the fourth century, is largely devoted to an examination of the works of Plato; the third, which is to follow immediately, will concentrate upon the rhetorical and literary aspects of fourth-century *paideia*. A further book is projected, dealing with the impact of Greek upon Christian *paideia* as a result of which Hellenic civilisation became Christianised and Christianity Hellenised.

Let me say at once that Professor Jaeger's book is likely to become a standard work. It is learned, clear and definite; it has a wide scope of interest; it makes continuous and fruitful reference to the problems of our own civilisation and seeks so to focus the clear light of fourth-century Greek thought that it may illuminate the obscurities and complexities of twentieth-century Europe. Its special excellence consists in its masterly dissertation upon Plato's thought, on which Professor Jaeger is an acknowledged authority. I can only briefly indicate some of the main themes which are developed in the course of the book.

First, what is *paideia?* It is a comprehensive and peculiarly Greek conception of which there is no exact translation. The words civilisation, culture, tradition, literature, education, stand each for a particular aspect of it; no one covers the whole. Professor Jaeger quotes Menander to the effect that *paideia* is "the possession which no one can take away from man." Menander also wrote of it as "a haven for all mankind." It stands both for an ideal, the ideal of man as an end in himself, and for service to and a life lived in pursuance of that ideal.

So conceived, it introduces two distinctively Greek conceptions. One is the conception of the fully developed and integrated man; for if man is an end in himself, the more sides of him that are developed the more various he becomes, the more completely will he realise his human nature and the more completely, therefore, will the end be affirmed. Hence, a man must be careful to give every god his due. We owe different debts to different gods; one to Dionysus, another to Apollo, another to Aphrodite. No god must be cheated but none overpaid.

Secondly, there is the conception of politics as ancillary to ethics; for, given again that man is an end in himself, State action will be a means to a realisation of the end; the State, then, exists to make the good life possible for its members. As Aristotle puts it, "political societies exist for the sake of noble actions and not merely of a common life."

Another theme is afforded by an account of the enemies of *paideia*. *Paideia*, more particularly in its bearing upon the young, is a battleground upon which the forces of culture and of anti-culture, of humanism and of specialism, of civilisation and of savagery, fight for the mastery. Professor Jaeger presents us with early phases of this contest in the trial of Socrates and the dialogues of Plato. Again, there is the theme of the development of the specifically Greek City State concept of *paideia* into the larger ideal of the philosophical citizen of the world, ushered in by the Hellenistic age, and of that, in its turn, into the distinctively Christian conception of all men as members of one kingdom made in the image of the Creator. While I have not been able to do this comprehensive book justice, I hope that I have said enough to indicate the variety and interest of its themes.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE U.S.S.R. IN RETROSPECT

U.S.S.R. By WALTER DURANTY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Mr. Duranty was for many years one of the most able and unprejudiced of the foreign correspondents in Moscow. His previous books, in contrast to those of many of his colleagues, revealed both an honest desire to know the facts about Soviet policy and a considerable capacity to understand and interpret it. This popular history of the Soviet Union confirms that view. Though Mr. Duranty is always sympathetic towards the difficulties which Stalin and the Communist Party have had to face at home and abroad, he is by no means an uncritical observer. Yet he has paid the Russians the elementary compliment of judging them not by some *a priori* criterion but by testing their performance against their declared ends. This, with his long experience in the Soviet Union, has given him a far more balanced view of events and a greater patience in time of confusion than was shown by any of the eminent cynics, who, one after another, were disillusioned when they found the Bolsheviks weren't doing everything or anything as Mr. Lyons, Mr. Knickerbocker, Mr. Chamberlin *et al.* would have done it. It is necessary to say all this, because Mr. Duranty's book covers almost the same ground as some rehashed despatches and

The Westminster Bank

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lop-sided memoirs which, in spite of the times, are still passed off as "authoritative" discussions of Soviet history. But it is in quite a different class. Mr. Duranty, almost alone in the early days of the Soviet regime, was a Moscow correspondent of the calibre of Werth, Winterton and Cassidy.

This is not, all the same, to recommend *U.S.S.R.* as an unimpeachable and academic history book. Both in style and content it is history told by a journalist, history told carefully but personally, soberly, but always with an eye on a good headline or a smart analogy. With this qualification, I warmly welcome it as an excellent introduction to Soviet Russia which is readable, fair and comprehensive. All the essential material is here; Mr. Duranty travels through the years from the grim days of the Civil War to the easier but trying times of the New Economic Policy and on, through the two Five Year Plans to Munich, the Finnish War and Stalingrad. Always he is at his brightest and his best when he writes of the years which he actually spent in Moscow and describes events to which he was a witness. Perhaps if he had made this book purely an autobiography it would have been even more successful, for it is full of those anecdotes and news cuttings which translate history into individual terms and which are inevitably by-passed by the conventional historian. We are told of the special devices incorporated into the Dnieper Dam when it was being constructed which would permit its complete demolition in a few minutes; that one of the main reasons for the superb organisation of the guerrillas was that the collective farms in the West had been founded predominantly by military reservists and their families; and that some of the collective farm buildings were designed for rapid conversion into strongpoints. Such digressions, like the sketches of some of the leading Bolshevik personalities, are valuable in that they are gleaned only from close personal experience. They are also an example of Mr. Duranty's method. When he feels that the reader's interest is flagging, after, perhaps, some long account of economic problems, he can always produce a story or an aside which will appeal. Sometimes, I am bound to say, this technique is so obviously that of a good journalist, that I began to wonder why Mr. Duranty had left out a comic strip.

Some of Mr. Duranty's other characteristics emerge clearly in his writing. Having become such a good and respected friend of the Soviet Union, he feels that he ought to show that he is no sense a Communist "fellow-traveller." So he looks down his nose at all other Communist parties except Stalin's; and he is very superior about the Comintern which he dismisses as *purely* an ancillary of the Kremlin. Nor need Mr. Duranty have been so patronising about the Marxism whose practical results in Russia he generally appreciates. Surely someone of Mr. Duranty's standing could have afforded to give up petty sniping of this sort? If these points are worth making at all, they merit the intelligent treatment which is given to other and similar questions. On the whole, whatever his private opinion of Marxism, Mr. Duranty has understood what the Bolshevik leaders were driving at and the relation of these aims to their theoretical principles. But I cannot agree with his version of Lenin's analysis of the role of the peasant and of the village commune in the making of the Revolution. If he reads again the first two volumes of Lenin's *Selected Works* he may revise his judgment on the views of the Bolsheviks about the socialist potentialities of the peasant commune as it existed in Tsarist days. There are a number of issues such as this, where, it seems to me, Mr. Duranty has only got half the truth or where his emphasis is wrong. But these are not important enough to destroy the value of this book. It is a valuable contribution to an understanding of the U.S.S.R. which can be warmly recommended for use in adult education and for the general reader.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

His Second War. BY ALEC WAUGH. *Cassell.* *8s. 6d.*

This book is an agreeable and interesting account of the author's military activities in London, in France and Syria and Egypt and Persia, combined with memories of 1914–1918, and he makes many shrewd comparisons of this war and the last. The account of his service through May 1940 in Belgium is particularly informative and of some historical value. There is, moreover, a flavour of Kinglake in the description of his Syrian and Persian work and travels, as for instance, about Cheik Said:

> It is unlike the other villages: or rather it has a garden effect that the other villages are without. One can picture it as a rich man's pleasure ground. There are vines and fig trees and cows ploughing up the ground. The Moukhtar took his English visitor into an orchard. He spread a bright carpet under a tree. While the children went back to the house to fetch coffee and fruit and eggs, he dilated on the meal that he would have prepared for his guest had he had sufficient warning: va cauldrons of rice there would have been, and roasted sheep and yes, there would have be champagne, in honour of his English guest.

Mr. Waugh's account of the bureaucratic activiti is illuminating. It was through a mistake that he wa posted to Spears's Mission and it was through a mistake that he left it. At the end of the book there an interesting disquisition on the contrasts betwee this war and the last, which Mr. Waugh is we qualified to make from his experience of both, thoug most readers will probably disagree with his view on peace terms.

The Russian Army. By WALTER KERR. *Gollanc* *7s. 6d.*

The Russian Campaigns. By W. E. D. ALLEN an PAUL MURATOFF. *Penguin.* *9d.*

These two books, especially if read togethe provide a good summary of the fighting in Russi from July 1941 to the autumn of 1943. The Pengui unlike Mr. Kerr's book, is the work of a militar historian and a soldier. This collaboration has bee a happy one. Whilst the account of the campaign is full of detailed information about the tactic weapons and organisation of the opposing armies, is also a useful history of the war on its purely form side. The authors have included an outline of th history of both the Red and German armies which i model of concise information. Both the soldier and th civilian who wish to understand the course of moder war should buy this Penguin if they can get it. Mr Kerr has written a strange book that is part technica part biographical and part reportage. Though th material is confused, Mr. Kerr writes very attractively He describes both the Moscow and Stalingrad battl in some detail, and, since he was a newspaper correspondent in Russia at the time, he supplements hi story with some personal anecdotes about the Sovi generals, incidents from the battles and from th guerrilla front. He seems to have acquired a certai amount of information about Russian equipment a methods. But this section is rather sketchy a inadequate. Mr. Kerr's picture is really valuab because it gives a human background to the rathe lifeless Penguin.

The Honeywood Settlement. By H. B. CRESSWELL *Faber.* *7s. 6d.*

This is the sequel to *The Honeywood File*, th delightful cautionary tale for architects and the clients. The author describes amusingly the troubl that may arise after the completion of a house, d sometimes to the carelessness of the architect, som

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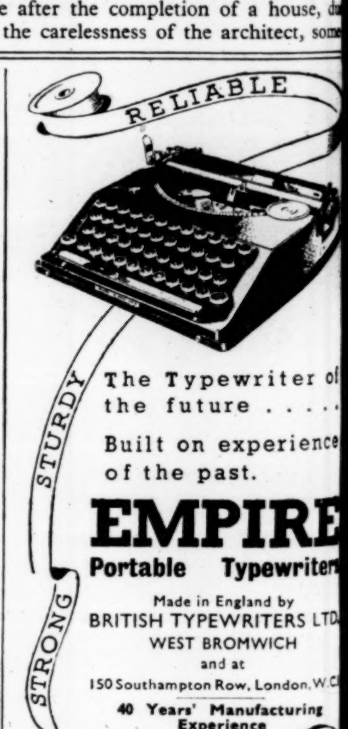

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nes to the obstinacy of the client. We may not feel eat confidence in the taste of the architect described, hose design "has affinity to Tudor architecture," d who thinks all bedrooms should be a uniform off white." But the book is packed with useful rnings. Doubtless the architectural press will commend it to their readers. We take occasion to ess it, despite its occasional technicalities, upon all ho are likely to employ architects whether privately publicly. It is both entertaining and instructive.

Week-end Competition

No. 766

t by Stephen Toulmin

The candid admission of "Critic" that he'd "like be Minister of Food or President of the Board of ade when Germany is defeated" makes me wonder at the secret ambition of some of our other public ures can be. Competitors are asked to suggest as (in 200 words) of the policies any other con- nporary commentator or critic would adopt if y chose to play the part of one of his usual victims: ., Arthur Marshall has been promoted from Oundle be head of Rôedean or Desmond MacCarthy rsuaded to star at the Windmill; with what clared intentions would they or others similarly aced enter upon their new duties? Entries should received by October 16th.

ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 763

t by G. W. Stonier

Competitors are asked to celebrate in verse (with the aid of Bradshaw) any railway line that catches their fancy.

port by G. W. Stonier

I recall spending once a whole day, when I was in d with 'flu, studying Bradshaw. It was a pleasure revisit the lines I knew, to compare the times and anges of the different trains and follow up the habetic signs, and after that to arrange trips on er lines; and then, abandoning all pretence of lity, merely to float on the names like Weston- b-Edge, Pratts Bottom, or Luib in which Bradshaw ounds. I found a peculiarly rich vein, I remember, the Gravesend-Southend direction. Some such asure I hoped to hand on to others by setting this mpetition; and many, I am glad to say, either have cellent memories or are still the lucky possessors of Bradshaw. (U. G. Udall, however, protests, "Brad- aw!!! who the hell's got one *these* days, it's easier come by the Black Book of Thélème.") The main es, the branches and twigs, the waiting-rooms, the ndswept junctions, the tunnels, the uphills that need a second engine, the views of the sea or the cathedral, have all come in for recollection.

London North-Western engines were all-blacks,
The great New Zealanders of railway tracks . . .
Observe, too, when I travelled first to Leeds
Footwarmers were provided for our needs
At Carnforth, but long hours ere Hellifield
They were stone-cold, or ice in iron seal'd.

T. E. CASSON

R. S. Jaffray celebrated the Liskearden-Looe Railway (Cornwall), R. J. P. Hewison brought p. 902 of Bradshaw (Lincs) before the eye, and several competitors remembered the toy line between Portmadoc and Blaenanffestiniog, now officially out of use.

I puff, I pant, I gurk, I snort
And boborygmic'lly I chog,

begins the Portmadoc train of U. G. Udall. But the best of the branch lines was Leslie Johnson's; he shares a second prize of two guineas with Guy Innes. The first prize of two guinea goes to G. de V., who caught on delightfully.

FIRST PRIZE

MAUD JUNCTION: ABERDEEN

Beyond the station master's rose,
The waiting room's forbidding tract,
The Bank, the Market Square repose—
The red-brick Public Library, backed
With school-of-Pugin cherubim.
These things a Betjeman may hymn.

I look no further than the board
Whose names enchant, repel, vibrate.
How tempting to descend at *Maud*,
Or lean on *Ellon's* garden gate.
Farewell! each Tennysonian ghost.
Red *Arnage* makes a sterner host.

At *Udny*, crapular and squat,
Or *Parkhill*, neat and clean and nice,
I will not plant my bergamot;
But, lingering at submondaine *Dyce*,
I muse, what sinful games of chance
Outdare the frownings of the manse?

Wild *Kittybrewster!* have a care,
For here the traveller would be gone
To see her toss her midnight hair,
To join her gigue, her vigandon.
And so the trains move fast between
This siren halt, and ABERDEEN.

G. de V.

SECOND PRIZE

BRANCH LINE

Never stay on the train when you're travelling down
From Holywell Junction to Holywell Town,
Or else you'll be brought, without any compunction,
From Holywell Town back to Holywell Junction.

A train from the Junction at 8.42
In only eight minutes will take you right through.
After two minutes' halt, by the same single line
It gets back to the Junction exactly at nine.

Dear Madam, don't start in your best sabbath gown
For Holywell Junction or Holywell Town,
For there's no Sunday service, they tell you with
unction,
From Holywell Town or from Holywell Junction.

Along this branch line there is one other station
That passengers pass in their peregrination.
It's known as St. Winefride's, this little spot,
And certain trains stop there, while others do not.

Oh, long may the railway bring pundit and clown
From Holywell Junction to Holywell Town,
And long may it practise its retrograde function
From Holywell Town back to Holywell Junction!

LESLIE JOHNSON

Here's to the Line that wanders down
From Liverpool Street to Enfield Town;

With soot above and smut beneath
By Bethnal Green and Cambridge Heath,

Through dreary streets with blitz-crack'd crowns
Past London Fields and Hackney Downs,

To fill with drab suburban load
Stoke Newington and Rectory Road.

Still plug the trains with dogged will
Through Seven Sisters, Stamford Hill,

Bruce Grove and White Hart Lane, to greet
With disappointment Silver Street;

To pause on their two-minute run
On reaching Lower Edmonton,

A place that, take it how you may,
Has altered since John Gilpin's day.

Thence, with their windows no more dark,
The trains flash on to Bush Hill Park,

And enter, forty minutes down,
The terminus at Enfield Town.

Though others seek a wider angle—
A brighter line—say Llanvihangel,

Or scenery more picturesque,
Such as the winding banks of Esk,

No Cockney finds this journey grim,
For these dull towns are Home to him.

GUY INNES

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